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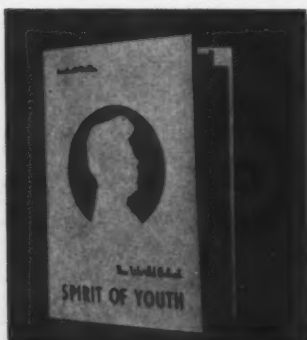
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Letters

Government of Art

To the Editor:

I would like to comment on the address made by Andrew H. Berding, assistant director of the United States Information Agency, to the convention of the American Federation of Arts. I have no access to his speech except through the excerpts which you printed in your November 15 issue (I have not seen even a mention of it in any other publication), so I am grateful that you see the importance of getting such material in print in your new Documents section. . . .

It is disturbing to find that the U.S.I.A. is basing its whole course of action with regard to art on a policy which reveals such a fundamental lack of understanding of art and such a disregard for the common democratic consideration of the artist. . . .

It is curious, and more disturbing, that Berding appears to be blind to the full implication of what he says. Thus he freely and emphatically condemns the Soviet government for so completely subverting art to its political purposes, but does not see how dangerously close to what may be a lesser but no less real subversion of art he himself will come to when he chooses for showing abroad only such American painting as will . . . "facilitate understanding of the policies and objectives of the government." He accuses, and rightly, the Soviet government of choosing the style for the Russian painters "which best serves its purpose," yet he does not seem to realize that his agency will be doing something alarmingly similar when it decides, as it inevitably must on the basis he sets forth, that this or that abstract expressionist, or this or that neo-plastic painter does not measure up to the standard it sets as the right and desirable degree of representation, and can not, therefore, be included in the shows the government sponsors abroad. . . .

And again, when he protests so strongly against Russia's "official government, turned out to a pattern," why does his agency, "especially" since it is one "for which the government provides funds" and which therefore "must be truly representative of all American people"—why, it must be asked, does the U.S.I.A. decree by bureaucratic fiat that an important and respected segment of American painting is unfit to be "representative of all American people" in the shows sent abroad.

Such confusion of purpose and confounding of means can never be cleared away unless our policy makers and those who implement policy come to understand a few rather simple truths which all artists . . . understand and hold to . . .

These truths are, as simply as I can put them:

1. The function of art is essentially, intrinsically artistic and it is to be itself, and not to be something else.

2. Art is essential truth; it is integrated wholeness. It achieves its status through and by its own means and not through some exterior and inartistic means.

3. A work of art, in its integrity, does not in any way lend itself either to piecemeal interpretation or to carrying any message other than its own artistic message.

4. A work of art is adequate to and within its own purpose. Its message is one of high import, and enough.

5. Art participates in and is vital to the democratic process, and that means all art, whatever its form.

American art can—in fact it already does—represent us abroad. It represents us there as it represents us here, through being what it actually is, which is enough,

[continued on page 5]



Cover: Jacob Lawrence was born in Atlantic City, N. J. in 1917. He had his first one-man exhibition in New York on December 7, 1941, and subsequently showed at the Downtown Gallery where he was a regular roster artist until he moved this year to the Alan Gallery. Lawrence's work has been acquired by no fewer than 25 museums in this country. He has had a Guggenheim Fellowship, and last year was given one of the American Academy of Arts and Letters awards.

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The Remarkable M. Malraux *by Sam Hunter*

Last week Doubleday & Co., publishers of André Malraux's "The Voices of Silence," invited the press to meet their author whom they had captured briefly from the International Art Congress. The encounter was dramatic, heady and memorable. For nearly two hours the indefatigable M. Malraux delivered himself of a dazzling series of brilliant impromptus, directed towards a definition of a new humanism. Nervously lacing and unlacing his long fingers, one of the remarkable men of our age sat at a huge committee-room sort of table, his mood of intense spirituality not a bit dampened by the bright, modern setting of a publishing executive's office, and continued his superb dialogue with the great spirits of the past. He might have been dictating an epilogue to "The Voices of Silence."

Malraux's appearance comes as a surprise. He looks too suave and worldly for the seer; and his rather baleful, hawk-eyed gaze and intense spirituality don't fit the conventional picture of the public man. But when he speaks, both these sides of his personality immediately emerge. His zeal (an Anglo-Saxon is tempted to say fanaticism) and in *extremis* mood place him as a French intellectual. Historical imperatives ride on his every word and charge his gestures—of which he has a complete Gallic repertory—with a special significance. His sense of urgency seems almost a vocational attitude. Arthur Koestler (a voluntary Frenchman) and Albert Camus are not unlike him. They have the knack of seeming to speak with the official voice of Europe, but they speak from pessimism. Malraux's voice is vibrant with a sense of man's glory rather than his impending doom. It is in tune with "The Voices of Silence," announcing the eternally hopeful spiritual message of art as man's only effective rebuttal to death, crisis and the despair of nations.

Every question or remark posed was subdued by Malraux's grand frame of reference and incorporated into the monolith of his universal humanism. The question, "Do you agree with Rebecca West that the railroad stations are the cathedrals of America?" brought a quick response: "The museums are the cathedrals of America." A newspaper critic asked Malraux if he would comment on the alarming tendency to abstraction of the art of our time. In reply he observed that modern art could not be considered in isolation, apart from a logic of development running from Manet through Cézanne to Picasso, and that its true significance to posterity would be as the first herald of a period of universal culture. Like the museum without



Andre Malraux

walls, the art of our time represents our "spiritual resurrection."

To some more specific questions about modern art, Malraux gave surprising answers. In his hierarchy of moderns, he expected one or two paintings by Picasso to survive while four or five Rouaults would go down to posterity. Had he seen the Museum of Modern Art's circulating exhibition in Paris? He had, and he was particularly interested in Pollock. Did he have an opinion of Calder? Of Calder there was nothing to be said. "*C'est une gloire*," he exclaimed. Why say more? "It would be like pinning medals on Eisenhower."

Finally, Malraux spoke of the promise of America, a country that has come into a new patrimony, the spiritual riches of Europe, and "accepts what the world brings her with a virgin spirit." In Europe, the dead hand of the past holds new cultural prospects down. "Europe still wants to build cathedrals."

Malraux ignored the rather critical specifics that would bring about the happy day of the new universal humanism for America. It was enough to say that Americans must be wise the way Pericles was wise when he built Athens. Pericles ushered in a new age when, for the first time in history, he decided quite consciously to aim at a humanist state, to make Athens the City of Man. Malraux quoted him in the way of admonition: "We must now know what we do so that centuries will say we built a good city."

When Malraux's remarks were at an end, his audience wandered about looking a little dazed and *deraciné*. Genius is not a restful experience. And the presence of someone who is on such intimate terms with eternity can be bewildering as well as stimulating. Everyone seemed to do the banal thing, to fumble for a cigarette or a coat, with a certain relief, and abandoned the City of Man for the city of New York with few regrets.

The Reflective Eye by Otis Gage

Sensibility Revisited

The question of sensibility, which I raised in my last article, apparently remains a question in some quarters.

What does "sensibility" mean? As I used it with reference to the arts, I meant it to have the same meaning it has outside the arts—"an acuteness of feeling" (Webster). We manifest our sensibilities by our actions and reactions, by words and deeds. The sensibility of an artist in particular is manifest in the way he feels the materials he handles. In this case, his subjective states of feeling—his "feelings"—are not the issue, but rather the physical manner in which he delivers himself.

The term sensibility as used in the arts never refers to content—to an artist's attitude toward nature, women, the continuum or any other idea or subject—but to the physical properties of painting and to certain abstract qualities inherent in them. In short, the term painterly sensibility refers to the use of the brush, the pigment and the canvas; to the handling of color, form and texture; to stroke and scale and equilibrium. We say a painter has sensibility when these elements are used with sensitivity and are in significant rapport with each other. To the degree that any of these elements is not in rapport with the rest, or is inadequately handled, is the artist lacking in sensibility.

It is amazing to think that the meaning of this term is in doubt. It

is impossible to think of two European artists misunderstanding each other regarding its use. To be sure, it is not used often here, for we have a self-consciousness with respect to refined or high-sounding concepts. But it is disappointing to observe that from a humble avoidance of the term there has developed a disregard for the area that the term points to.

Sensibility is given to few and, if not given, can be developed only with difficulty. It has not been distributed democratically, whereas painting has become a very widespread practice. Clearly it is annoying to the many to raise the issue. As though sensibility were good enough for the French, perhaps, but not for us who are interested in other things. In what? In revolt, in freedom, in action, in the loose wrist? Revolt that is not supported by sensibility is insignificant, that is to say, gratuitous, dull and meaningless, and results in nothing more or less than hoodlumism—supportable in the arts only because no one gets hurt.

Sensibility is the area of feeling, feeling with the senses, and in painting; for example, the senses involved are sight, touch and the kinesthetic sense.

The language of the senses is a mute one, a dumb language in no way related to the language of logic or of ideas. Yet, for want of better terms, we say that a painting speaks or that it must be read or that it

has ideas. But aside from the literary ideas that it may well contain, its real ideas are dumb and in the realm of sensibility. New "ideas" in art appear when new sensibilities appear, when new forms, new relationships, new ways of making pictures appear. All other ideas have to do with philosophy or physics or what-not, but not with painting.

Sensibility is not to be confused with taste; it is a matter of inner compulsion while taste is a matter of choices.

Nor is it to be confused with the technique, the chemistry or the lore of painting: every painter develops all the technique he needs, and need one he does. It is almost impossible to think of a great painter or of a painter of great sensibility whose technique is not good. Whereas it is possible to think of many painters who have excellent enough techniques, but who are lacking in sensibility. The notion of sensibility includes the notion of an excellent technique; the reverse is not true.

There is no form-content dichotomy. The content is the form, and the form is the expression of the sensibility. While it excludes the idea, sensibility obviously includes a great deal else. For the presence, the variety, the harmony and the structure of feeling as evinced in the act and result of painting, and designated by the term sensibility, are the very stuff of the work of art.

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and not through being something the U.S.I.A. may wishfully have it appear to be.

MYRON S. STOUT
Provincetown, Mass.

Fitzsimmons Vs. Gage

To the Editor:

Regarding Otis Gage's column, *The Reflective Eye*, in the January 1 ART DIGEST: part of it is ostensibly a reply to, or comment on, my review of the exhibition, "Younger European Painters", at the Guggenheim Museum. I say ostensibly because Mr. Gage's remarks have little to do with what I actually said, not because he misquotes (he doesn't) but because he misconstrues. Now while I am willing to defend my own views, I am not remotely interested in defending the views Mr. Gage ascribes to me.

Asserting that in my discussion of Soulages, Mathieu and Riopelle (the three artists I singled out for special praise), I ignored "painterly sensibility" and established the "worth" of their pictures "in terms of the consonance of their ideas and the means used to express them", Mr. Gage goes on: "The ideas of these three painters may well be superior to the ideas of most of the painters in this show, but even the best idea is not a painting." Quite so: "the best idea is not a painting." I did not say it was. In looking at a painting I am not concerned with its author's ideas except insofar as they are successfully expressed. (The word, "ideas", is Mr. Gage's by the

way; I would say content, felt-ideas, or experiences, which required and took plastic form.) But when they are expressed, I am concerned because I am concerned with art at the level of meaning, not only at that of appearance.

If there is no consonance of "ideas" and means, content and form, expressive ends and plastic means, there is no expression, and no art. Granted that it is hard (the better the art, the harder), to disentangle these twin elements, still, art, no less than literature, has its rhetoric and its poetics. Both may be discussed. Both must be, and their consonance gauged, if we are to discuss and evaluate, and not merely describe. Indeed, consonance properly understood is the key: its exigencies serve to focus and exercise that sensibility Mr. Gage advances as his criterion, preventing it from degenerating into mere taste. (I am not sure I know what Mr. Gage means by sensibility—he uses the word quite inclusively, asserting, for example, that it is "at the root . . . of morality." But I imagine he means the fine feeling—judgment that guides the painter at every stage in the act of painting: a complex, transitive function linking the poetics and rhetoric of painting and informing them both. I agree, let's not throw it out.)

To see to what extent Mr. Gage has misconstrued my remarks, one need only compare his piece with the original, but perhaps I may be permitted to summarize what I actually said and did.

I singled out three painters. I described their paintings, thereby describing their

means. I noted their "technical mastery". I stated what their paintings meant to me—the critic's main job, I should think. I did not say the paintings were good because of the ideas they contained. I do say now that they succeed as works of art because of the high consonance of expressive ends and plastic means they exhibit; that such consonance is itself the crucial proof of sensibility as well as the condition of exact communication; that consonance, multifarious and existing on many levels, is precisely what affords the specifically esthetic experience. All of which was implicit in the review.

What makes these paintings superior as art to others in the show that are equally well painted? Or to the propaganda and magazine cover paintings to which Mr. Gage rather invidiously refers? The level of seriousness on which they exist, the depth from which they rise and to which they penetrate—great enough to engage in both artist and spectator several levels of the personality in addition to the specifically plastic sensibility. If, as Mr. Gage says, we must not equate artists on the basis of their ideas, neither must we equate the satisfying arrangement of lines, colors and shapes with the work which is that and a lot more besides. A painting is a material object, a fact. A work of art is a translucent fact. The greater it is, the richer its provenance and the more discussable and inexhaustible.

JAMES FITZSIMMONS
New York, N. Y.



John Singer Sargent: "Vernon Lee." Lent to the Art Institute of Chicago by the Tate Gallery in London.

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by Allen S. Weller

Expatriates' Return

A large exhibition prompts a re-evaluation of the work of Whistler, Cassatt and Sargent

America's three most famous expatriate artists, James McNeill Whistler, John Singer Sargent and Mary Cassatt, have been linked in a large exhibition, on view at the Art Institute of Chicago through February 25 and to be shown during March at the Metropolitan Museum in New York. The current of critical opinion over a generation has run against these three painters; Sargent has become fixed in our minds as a brilliant technician, and little more, and Whistler's reputation has been identified with an effete turn-of-the-century estheticism, while Cassatt, although more to our taste, has been lost in the shadow of her towering French contemporaries. With this rich and comprehensive exhibition, it is now possible to appreciate the stature of each member of this distinguished trinity and measure their total achievement.

The selection of works has been accomplished brilliantly by Frederick Sweet, curator of painting at the institute, who has been working on the show for two years. He found many of the most important works in European collections, and among the 120 paintings a considerable number come from Paris, London, Scotland and (in one case) Chile. No fewer than 23 have not been seen in the United States before; these include such key works as Whistler's great portrait of Carlyle from Glasgow, his *Little White Girl* and *Old Battersea Bridge* from the Tate Gallery in London; Sargent's brilliant portrait of Mrs. Wertheimer, also from the Tate, and three Cassatts from Paris. Whistler's *Portrait of the Artist's Mother*, in some respects the most famous of all American paintings, is back in this country for at least the fourth time: it was shown in Philadelphia and New York in 1881 and 1882, in Philadelphia again in 1926, and in Chicago, New York, and on tour from 1932 to 1934.

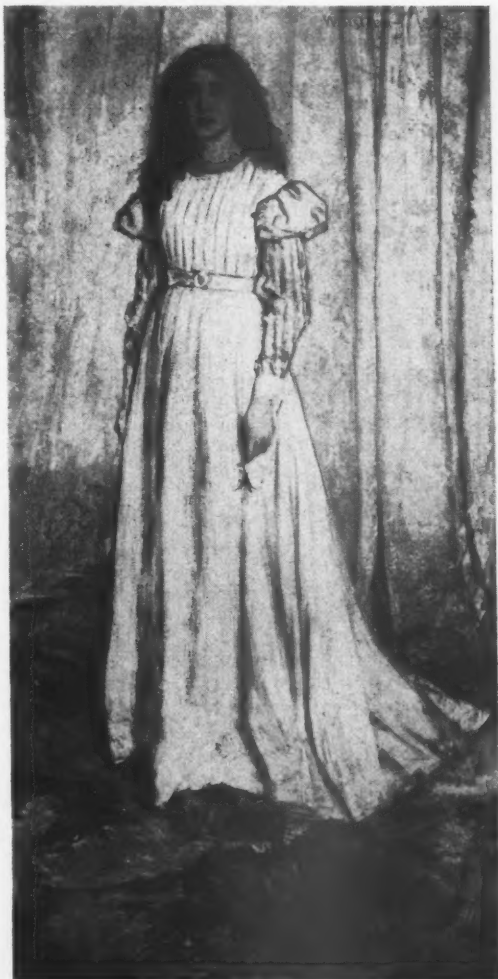
Whistler's development can be traced all the way from an early study after a head by Couture (Denys Sutton, London), painted when he was only 23, to the imposing portrait of the Chicago lawyer, Arthur Jerome Eddy (Chicago Art Institute) of almost 40 years later. It is a development which was singularly consistent and with elements of genuine originality, though unmarked by brilliance and marred by the curiously negligent attitude towards technical considerations which has reduced a number of Whistler's important paintings to shadowy, cracked ruins. Some of his most familiar works are included, like *The White Girl* (National Gallery, Washington, D. C.), which established his reputation in Paris in 1863, and *The Falling Rocket* of 1874 (Detroit Institute of Arts) which precipitated the celebrated law suit with Ruskin.

Whistler was often unable to carry to completion original conceptions which were [continued on page 24]



Mary Cassatt: "Mother and Child"

James Whistler: "The White Girl"



New York

Henry Fuseli:
"Kremhilde Sees the
Dead Siegfried in
a Dream"



Fuseli and Blake: Two Against the Grain by Dore Ashton

Along with some 60 drawings by the Swiss-born romantic, Henry Fuseli (1741-1825)—assembled for exhibition by the Smithsonian Institute's Traveling Exhibition Service — the Morgan Library is currently showing drawings and watercolors by Fuseli's contemporary and friend, William Blake (1757-1827). The Fuseli show itself, on view to February 7 in New York, will later travel to Cleveland, Detroit, St. Louis and Baltimore. The first comprehensive Fuseli show in the United States, it derives chiefly from the Kunsthau in Zurich. In order to show both spiritual and formal affinities between Blake and Fuseli, the Morgan is exhibiting drawings from Blake's "Book of Job", some of his Milton illustrations and his engravings after Fuseli.

- The era of Blake and Fuseli at the turn of the 18th century was contentious, and its disputes were copiously documented. Throughout Europe, artists and literati were engaging in a vigorous debate over the new and somewhat disquieting trend, romanticism. Fuseli and Blake grew up during this late 18th-century esthetic revolution, and though Blake took his inspiration from Druidism and Fuseli took his from ancient, pagan epics, they both believed themselves to be partisans of classicism.

It is entirely natural that historians should have seen Fuseli as a

curiosity. His artistic capacities, as everyone concedes, were considerably lesser than his towering visions. Yet, in another sense, it was Fuseli, the neurotic gadfly of the Academy, who best epitomized the ferment of his era—the era of Klopstockian sentimentality, Goethean idealism and Lockean materialism.

Fuseli's biography is itself a document of his era. Born Heinrich Füssli in Zurich in 1741, son of a court painter, he was designated for the clergy. As a theological student, he threw in his cap with a group of liberty enthusiasts and Anglophiles and ultimately was forced to flee his native city. With his countryman and friend Lavater (who later became one of the important scientific men of the period), he came to London armed with introductions to celebrities. Promptly, he published a translation of Winklemann's essay on ancient art, declaring his classical bias. When his drawings were shown to Sir Joshua Reynolds, the latter urged him to pursue his studies in Italy. Fuseli took the advice and stayed in Italy for several years, devoting himself to a close study of Raphael and Michelangelo.

It is said that Fuseli was the only friend with whom Blake never quarreled. The two shared many eccentricities. They were both violently opposed to the new "scientific" materialism. They ignored the strong sex-

ual taboos of their period. They each strained away from romanticism, hated sensuous painting, epitomized by Tintoretto and Rubens, and shunned color. Blake can be characterized as an innocent-mystic and Fuseli as a neurotic dramatist, but despite their differences, the two shared what Madame de Stael called "primitive sources".

The selection of Fuseli drawings at the Morgan includes characteristic work of every genre. Fuseli's main themes were derived from a few sources: Germanic epics like the *Nibelungen*, the classical poets, Shakespeare and mythology. Most of his drawings are executed in rich bistre ink and intimate Renaissance draftsmanship, even to the "hook" characteristic of Raphael. But his *Kremhilde* is a fat, fair colossus—scarcely the Raphaelesque Madonna. On the other hand, in Shakespearean illustrations, Fuseli incorporates groupings taken directly from Raphael, as, for example, in the three grinning witches of *Macbeth* and the *Witches*. Vaulting figures, flying gods, foreshortened poses, violent contraposto, are typical of Fuseli's grandiose illustrations. They are often extremely like Blake's — so much so that many Fuseli drawings circulate under Blake's signature.

It is in the late drawings that Fuseli's idiosyncrasies emerge. He did a group of erotic drawings—

some considered too pornographic to show publicly—in a rather, subdued, unique style. Two included here, *The Kiss* and *The Embrace*, prefigure Rodin. (It must be remembered that during this period thoughts were turned to problems of freedom in sexual and well as political matters. Blake's poems frequently equate "desire satisfied" with virtue, and decry the prevailing notions of the sinful-

ness of sex. Fuseli's erotic drawings can be seen as protests against an anarchic sexual morality as much as they can be considered reflections of a personal maladjustment.)

While it may be easy to judge Fuseli as a fantasist concerned with the weird, it would be more accurate to set him down as essentially literary in his work. His elaborate imaginary scenes could be the work of a

gifted stage designer. Although he admired the staid draftsmanship of the Renaissance, he was at his best with a furiously quick line. The most striking drawings in the exhibition are those obviously rendered rapidly—the "inspired" compositions of deep brown, burnished with bistre washes and brilliant lights, compositions of heavy shadow and lightly delineated "action" figures.

Bonnard: Devotee of Color by Sidney Geist

An "intimate selection" is the way Fine Arts Associates characterizes its exhibition of Pierre Bonnard, current until February 6. It could not be otherwise. Whether one sees 15 of his pictures, as here, or 153, as one saw at his retrospective at the Museum of Modern Art in 1947, the impression is one of intimacy, because Bonnard hid nothing of himself. He laid himself bare at every moment: his emotion before his subject is as naked as his trembling emotion before the mystery and the magic of color. The question of his status aside, one cannot deny the warm humanity of this artist who never struck a pose, who avoided the pompous, the artificial and the didactic, who respected his own as well as everyone else's freedom.

In view of these simple virtues, it is the more surprising to encounter his passion for color, color in light and in shadow, on flesh and on flowers, color at all costs.

The pictures in this exhibition date from 1896 to 1942, but, as in the case of Rouault whose painting Bonnard admired, the dates have a minor relevance. For he worked and reworked his canvases over long periods. And once he had formed his style, in the early years of this century, it hardly changed.

What his style became may be seen by comparing *Windy Street* with *Interior*. The former, painted in 1896 in earth colors and dull red, is marked by large forms and large, if modulated, areas of color; it reflects the influence of his poster-making. But in the latter, painted in 1905, the forms and colors have a variety which was to increase and become subtilized as time went on. Bonnard could not stand design or pattern in any easy sense. His design was a function of color, always at the mercy of sensation, not decision. He saw with his eyes, not with a system. As a result, his style was the style

of no style. Waywardness, the unexpected—these are the life of a painting by Bonnard.

The multiplicity of elements in his pictures create an effect of life akin to the life outside his pictures. One does not see everything at once; one is constrained to look and one is rewarded; one discovers new forms, new colors, new relationships with a sense of surprise that seems to have been Bonnard's too.

Even in the glowing *Dressing Table*, one of the most architectural of his pictures, the warm grey mass—punctuated by the orange of flowers, the black of a dog, and the blue of an ornament—yields up a wealth of detail: a fragment of a nude is reflected in the mirror, at her side a curtain blows, objects appear on the table, and from the folds of its valance a multitude of gentle greens, blues and lavenders appears.

It is in the landscapes that the profusion of color and motifs is

Pierre Bonnard: "Le Cannet"



New York *continued*

greatest. Luminous oranges, acid greens, icy whites, naturalistic details and invented forms, writhing shapes and stable accents are organized to make an equivalent for nature that is at once an equivalent for the imagination, for human nature.

Color is the real theme of these pictures, color that makes Bonnard comparable to Matisse. Its opulence,

its sometimes rampant sensuousness had its price—the occasional dissipation of form. Bonnard, excellent draughtsman that he was, was aware of this as he was aware of certain technical difficulties.

In the end, Bonnard's unique possession, and the quality which his work transmits, is his sensation of the new, of the tremulously alive. He

had the courage of his sensations as others have the courage of their convictions.

Sensation, whose sign and symbol is the painting, requires sensitivity, and sensitivity he had not only in his eyes but, as it were, in the tongue and to the fingertips. And indeed, he painted with his fingertips, in a final act of intimacy.

A Critic Picks Some Promising Painters *by James Fitzsimmons*

Eleven American painters of varying ages and backgrounds are represented in "Emerging Talent", an exhibition of paintings selected by Clement Greenberg, currently being held by the Kootz Gallery where it will remain until the end of the month.

Most of these painters are abstract expressionists, members of the movement which has dominated American vanguard painting in recent years. I believe that this movement reached its peak in 1950 and is now in decline, or rather, that it is undergoing a radical self-transformation which will greatly alter its character and artistic worth. The new trend seems to be toward a synthesis of expressive and formal values and tomorrow's vanguard art will probably be abstract expressive (rather than expressionist). Artists are regaining some of the objectivity they had in classic periods. As a result we again begin to find symbols in art, structural relations of supra-personal significance, statements about the nature of reality—and fewer samples of handwriting, fewer case histories and narcissistic fantasies.

Two of the best paintings in the present exhibition (Herman Cherry's and one of Morris Louis') illustrate

this trend. Cherry's work is too well known to need detailed description here. Suffice it to say that this example is a bold abstract figure blocked in in strong colors and set in the middle of a paler color ground. Morris Louis' *Foggy Bottom* (quaint local appellation for a section of Washington, D. C.) is a mural-size composition in which the coiling brushstrokes suggest fog swirling over houses and around the tops of over houses and around treetops.

Louis has two other vast canvases in the show. In all three, a downward drift of movement is skillfully established. The reference to nature is obvious. In *Trellis*, spots of floral color, splattered, clustered, like clumps of honeysuckle, lilac and rambler roses, trail diagonally down a white canvas. Charming, but perilously close to prettiness, I thought. In the third painting, an avalanche of outlined shapes resembling giant boulders comes crashing down the face of the canvas. Here I am not sure that Louis makes color contribute its full share. The excitement of the painting, the effect of hurtling movement seems to come largely from a most effective use of line: taut, springy, strategically placed.

Two other painters who appear to

advantage are Sue Mitchell and Paul Feeley. Miss Mitchell shows a large painting of a forest—as she sees it, an orderly wilderness of tall, stately trees. Her colors are azure and brown, cool, misty, sparingly used. The sinuous contours of branches are emphasized, with charcoal grey and black outlines. If she has looked at Cézanne, she has done so very intelligently.

Paul Feeley's abstract expressionism has a measure of Miró in it. He floats loops and snarls of dark, heavy line on pale mottled color. Syllables of line and color, incantations in an unknown tongue, his paintings have a curious jittery excitement about them. With greater economy and more cogent organization, this might become power.

As for the other artists in this show, some of them paint very well. But, as with most young artists, one is conscious of affinities more than one is of originality. What Theophil Repke does, for example, Balcomb Greene does more forcefully. With Cornelia Langer one thinks of Hofmann; with Philip Perlstein, of Soutine. Anthony Louvis, Paul Georges, Kenneth Noland and Saul Leiter (too late to be seen) are the other members.

Nine American Painters, Nine American Worlds *by Belle Krasne*

Like the Guggenheim Museum's exhibition of "Younger European Painters", an exhibition titled "Nine American Painters Today", on view at the Janis Gallery until January 23, has a coherence which stems only from the facts of geography and of having been selected by one man. It comprises one work each by Stuart Davis, Willem deKooning, Arshile Gorky, Hans Hofmann, Franz Kline, Jackson Pollock, Mark Rothko, Clyfford Still and Mark Tobey. These nine artists, Janis tells us, were included in the show because of their "stature and originality" and because they have had "a big influence" here and abroad.

Granting even a part of what Janis stoutly suggests, it would be a point of pride to say that the

Americans appear to the same advantage as the Europeans, but the fact of the matter is that they do not—and this, chiefly because the dealer doesn't have a museum's space.

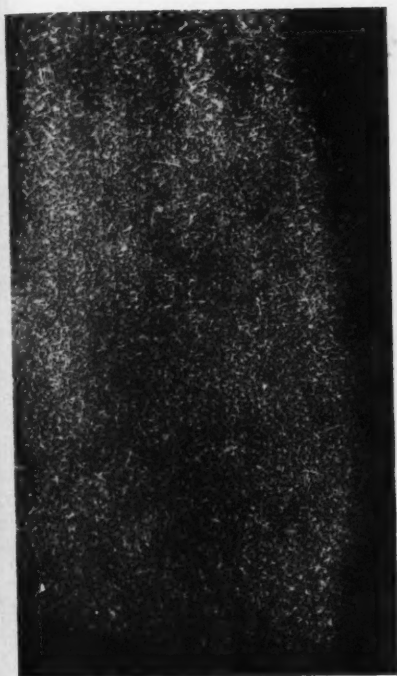
With the exception of the Gorky, which was painted in 1944, no work in the show is dated later than 1951. (In terms of the show's title, the inclusion of the Gorky hardly seems justifiable, but I would rather the title were changed than the Gorky eliminated. It is the most substantial work here, and if its paint appears less fresh now than its imagery does, the handling of that paint is brilliant, assured.)

Most of the paintings have been shown before; all of them except the Davis, Hofmann and Tobey are big, for Janis thinks that big paintings

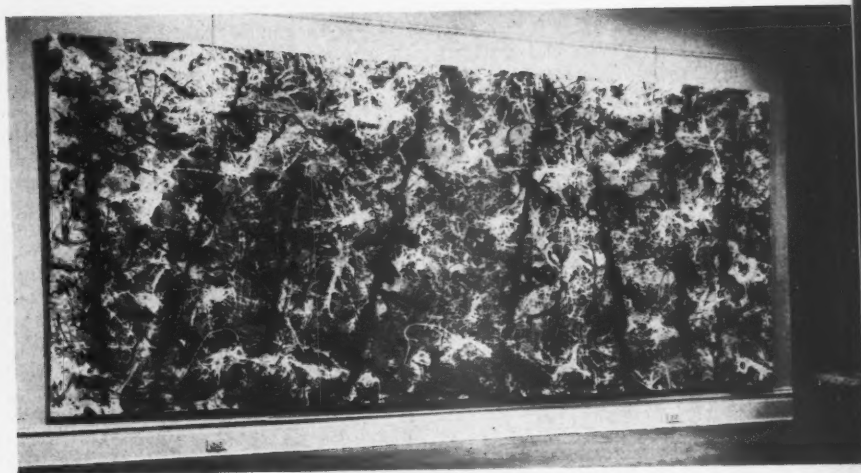
by these artists are better than small ones, and that "with increase in scale, inventive and expressive ideas expand and multiply rather than diminish." One thinks of small paintings—those of Ryder and Klee, for example—which loom far larger in the imagination than several of these do in the gallery.

If it is scale that makes these paintings significant to Janis, it is size that militates against them here: these are public works, out of context in the intimacy of a private gallery. Only the Pollock, which occupies a wall of its own, seems reasonably comfortable. And here, by the way, the scale is equitable; the boundless exuberance of the work gains by virtue of its amplitude. I could see this canvas on a larger

Arshile Gorky:
"The Liver is a Coxcomb"



Mark Tobey: "Edge of August"



Jackson Pollock: "Blue Poles"



Philip Perlstein: "Torso"



Willem deKooning: "Woman"

Above: From "Nine American Painters Today"
At the Sidney Janis Gallery

Left: From "Emerging Talent"
At the Kootz Gallery

New York *continued*

wall; I could not see this painting on a smaller canvas. But the other paintings are less fortunately situated. The Gorky, the deKooning, the Tobey and Rothko are crowded into a small room; the latter two, being gentle, poetic works, suffer from the violence of the company they are compelled to keep.

One cannot, however, make the installation responsible for the shortcomings of the paintings themselves; here, as in every group show, there are paintings which fail to come up to the level of their company and others which fail to do justice to the artists they represent.

Clyfford Still, for example, is capable of producing exciting tactile effects, a richness of surface, an atmosphere of tenseness and surprise. None of this is apparent in the

work selected for this show, a work that could be taut but looks slack and surprisingly dated, probably because it is dully painted.

Likewise, the Hofmann is weak. Loaded with brackish green paint, with a surface unpleasant to the eye, it wants coherence and clarification.

The Kline is a crude black hieroglyph laid heavily on a white ground, the implied weight of its horizontal beam giving it a top-heavy look. Painted without nuance, it will not bear close scrutiny, and yet it is installed where it cannot be seen from a reasonable distance.

Much as we have come to admire these nine painters, and great as our anticipation of this show was, something makes it a disappointment, something certainly linked to the size of the pictures in it. Janis con-

siders even the largest of them "easel paintings in the best sense". This, I feel, is precisely what they are not. Easel paintings lend themselves readily to comparison with other easel paintings; they are intimate, portable, companionable. These paintings are, for the most part, worlds unto themselves—worlds that are exclusive, personal and unique.

The outsize abstract expressionist painting, being the ultimate expression of one man's individuality, exists in its own right, impinging on its neighbors, vies for the attention of the spectator. To be sure, isolated from each other, most of the works in this show can catch and hold that attention; we know this from previous experience; but the constellation of nine warring worlds is a troublesome one for the spectator.

Riopelle: Conquest of Space *by Sam Hunter*

Jean-Paul Riopelle, a 29-year-old Canadian who has been working in Paris since 1946, was one of the many pleasant surprises of the Guggenheim Museum's exhibition of younger European painters and along with Mathieu, Soulages and Bazaine rated best marks from our own critics. Now, with his first full-dress one-man show (at the Pierre Matisse Gallery, to January 23), there is an opportunity for a fuller examination of his work.

Riopelle confirms the impression of the Guggenheim show that advanced American painting is having the impact on the younger Europeans. Riopelle is sufficiently close in spirit to Pollock, though very different in his means, to suggest that influence

is now definitely a two-way transatlantic current. The Canadian artist's theater of operations, like Pollock's, is immense—mural in scale and ambition. His "overall" writing, however, is neither so automatic nor so inspirational. Everywhere there is control and deliberation, even a certain fussiness. Colors are layered on in short, regular palette-knife strokes until paint stands out in tarry low relief. Then a fine tracery of white or brightly colored line is dragged over the impacted surface, aerating the dense textures and relieving the somber tonalities. When the eye composes this expressive pointillism at a distance, there is a sensation of a shifting, intricate complex of space and movement and even of delicate

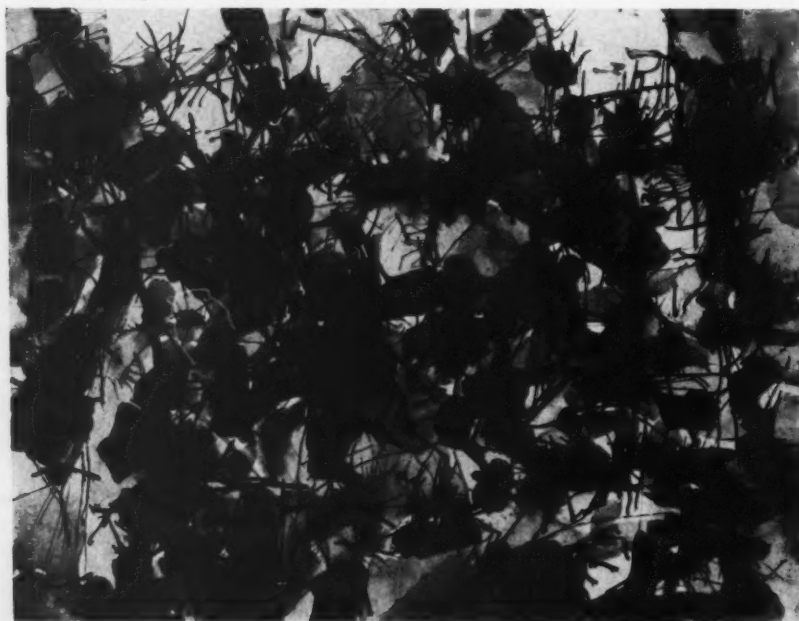
transparencies of tone—despite the insistence on the brute materiality of pigment.

There are sufficient irregularities of movement and changes in the dominant color keys between canvas and canvas to prevent monotony. This is something of a feat of sensibility, since Riopelle has almost deliberately leveled off his expressive means to their least provocative elements—to a system of mechanically processed, rhythmic knife strokes and primary colors. Every dense inch of canvas has the controlled coherence, when seen close, of magnified photographs of cloth fiber. Yet the accumulation of these mosaic color pieces adds up to something more than the sum of its parts. At some point the texturing takes a giant stride and becomes a whole statement, and an immense one, of a lyrical conquest of space.

I particularly liked the huge *Homage to the Diabolical Robert* (6'7" by 9'3") with its splendid burnished color, like a golden, baroque sunburst; the smaller *Knight Watch*, its narrow horizontal format driving a nerveless calligraphy into terse and resilient forms, and the sensitive and unexpected watercolors, with their four or five areas of color stain on which inky blacks and sprays of spidery line have been dropped.

Riopelle is an artist of conviction, capable of imposing his conviction on his audience. I made no new discoveries in single paintings, yet the show as a whole gave me a sense of freshness and of a distinct painting personality. With all that, I was disappointed by a certain over-emphasis on virtuoso paint manipulation. Facility and verve the paintings have. But some inner urgency seems lacking in them.

Jean-Paul Riopelle: Ink and watercolor



Paris by Michel Seuphor

French Art for Caracas: Report on the Galleries

The principal event of the month in Paris is certainly the very brief showing at the Musée d'Art Moderne of works destined for the University City of Caracas. Arp's tall (10½-foot) bronze, an enlarged version of an *Imp* now become *Shepherd of Clouds*; an even larger bronze by Laurens, in the form of a figure eight, certain views of which are a bit reminiscent of the preciousness of Viennese *jugendstil* at the beginning of the century; a polished bronze, of quieter forms, by Pevsner; mosaics by Léger, Vasarely and André Bloc—these comprise the important Parisian contribution to the sumptuous Venezuelan undertaking. Of the mosaics, only that of Bloc could be shown in its entirety, that is to say, completely mounted as it will go to Caracas. It is a stunning-looking abstraction dominated by curving lines, just the least bit declamatory. Vasarely's cartoon for his mosaic has, on the contrary, a pleasing restraint in both color and form. Two cartoons by Léger are typical Léger.

Pevsner's sculpture stirred a certain uneasiness in me. It is the first time, to my knowledge, that a work of Pevsner's has been cast. That is, from the construction of rods, in his now well-known manner, a mold was made. Into this mold was run the bronze which was subsequently to become one with the base, also of bronze, but much too massive for the form it supports. The mistake, the double mistake, was clear, I think, to everyone. The delicate rhythm of the rods has completely disappeared in the mass. The work no longer breathes; it has become over-heavy and the lines have lost their sweep. Even the esthetic sense of the piece has been falsified by the disproportion of the base. Pevsner's friends, of whom I am one, are very much disappointed by this costly failure. Arp's sculpture, also in polished bronze, is perfect in its balance and realization. The form is at once simple and rich, with a marvelous rhythm in the turning movement. It is a kind of synthesis of the work of Arp in the last 20 years, containing every aspect of him—his sense of humor, his sense of the grotesque, his poetry, his esthetic. The future students of Caracas will be able to let their fancies play on this beautiful object, and they will not exhaust it.

• On the rue Visconti, which is one of the oldest streets in Paris and one of the richest in memories, René Drouin has opened a shop in which he is showing the works of the same painters he formerly exhibited in the

Turnabout: Arp on the Art of Seuphor

Michael Seuphor is having simultaneous exhibitions of his drawings at Galerie Moderne in Basel, Switzerland, and at Galerie Berggruen in Paris. The latter exhibition, which opens on January 22, will have a catalogue for which Jean Arp has written a preface. An excerpt follows.

"I am now going to study his drawings and note down certain things as they appear to me:

"Flotillas, like eloquent hands ringed with marble, descend from infinite heights, rise up from infinite depths. A little universe celebrates the holiday of the little mother of mothers. Sparkling on bands of light, slide crosses, wheels, arrows, spears. Lozenges burst with a sigh. The tribe of rectangles leaves the black depth and comes forward. Echoes burgeon. There are ever sharper longings for contact; and gentle approachings, more gentle still. I see quivers filled with rays of light. Spread wings, snow-white, meet snow-white fans that stir the air. Black space recalls the black lightning. Here are creatures made of rain, with claws and living teeth, and there are geometric plants with lacy trains. Luminous combs comb the light. Squares are seated in all their splendor, majestically sticking out their tongues. They look like warm trees. Will the rectangular slabs of petrified air which cover the cosmic page of the abyss shed their leaves? Most certainly. But at once the regular squares, which constantly lose the surface of their facings like leaves blown away by the wind, will reject one after another from the calendar block.

"I can imagine Seuphor's pleasure in seeing time pass in beauty, as he draws; I see him laughing, putting a square cloud to his ear instead of a watch that has stopped, after which he continues to draw page after page without ever tripping on a theatrical wave."

large gallery that bore his name in Place Vendôme. On view are recent works by Michaux, Ernst, Dorothea Tanning, but above all, Jean Dubuffet. It is on this last that Drouin plans to stake his main effort as he returns to the arena. For this spring, he announces an important Dubuffet show for which the Cercle Volney, formerly very traditionalist, will lend him its quarters. At the moment, as a preliminary to this exhibition, Drouin is publishing a book by Georges Limbour called "*Tableau bon levain à vous de cuire la pâte*," which is about the *art brut* of Dubuffet. This work, which contains about 100 reproductions, is another addition to the already abundant literature on, and by, Dubuffet. In a note at the end of the book the artist himself gives a clear explanation of what he means by *art brut*, in the course of which he says, "The collection of *Art Brut* . . . now comprises more than 1,000 extremely remarkable pieces by more than 200 different authors, inspired recluses, some of whom—a half, perhaps—are regarded as sick, the rest not. . . ."

This *art brut*, or an art 50 per cent from the sick as Dubuffet admits, is always very flourishing in Paris. Who has not some inhibition to explain? Who has not some little exhibitionist complex? As for the inhibition laid bare, it may be found in superabundance in the new quarters of Galerie de Beaune, which has opened with an exhibition of the Belgian primitive, Edgard Tytgat. Here is a charming and infantile debauchery, a bit dull in color, but suave and very clean. All these cruelties perpetrated on quite plump female bodies are nothing more than counterfeits made as well as possible, and clumsily. In reality, nothing is going on, neither as regards sex, nor as regards intellect. This painter is an unimportant oddity in whom you

would search in vain for a reflection of the Flemish truculence so dear to Ensor.

As for the exhibitionist complex, we find it at Galerie Nina Dausset where the American, Copley (not to be confused with another American, Alcopley), displays an exuberant penchant for corsets and shocking images. I am told that this painter is a Californian who came to Paris three years ago to study art. He seems to have learned how to be lacking in taste.

• Picabia, who has just died, would perhaps have enjoyed this work precisely because of its provocative poverty. For it was Picabia himself who gave us the most dazzling example of this kind of exercise, and a good

[continued on page 30]

Jean Arp: "*Shepherd of Clouds*"



"Mer close,
monde ouvert



Yves
Tanguy

The element of *surprise* in the creation of a work of art is, to me, the most important factor—surprise to the artist himself as well as to others. "*La surprise doit être recherchée pour elle-même inconditionnellement.*" (André Breton, "*L'Amour fou.*")

The painting develops before my eyes, unfolding its surprises as it progresses. It is this which gives me the sense of complete liberty, and for this reason I am incapable of forming a plan or making a sketch beforehand.

I believe there is little to gain by exchanging opinions with other artists concerning either the ideology of art or technical methods. Very much alone in my work, I am in fact almost jealous of it. Geography has no bearing on it, nor have the interests of the community in which I paint. I work very irregularly and by "crises"—sometimes for weeks at a stretch, but never on more than one painting at a time, nor in more than one medium. Regular hours for work would be abhorrent, as anything resembling a duty is to me the negation of all fantasy in creative work.

Certain of my paintings are finished very quickly; others take two months or more. This does not depend on the size of the canvas.

I am, naturally, interested in the paintings of others. To cite a few of my favorites: Hieronymus Bosch, Cranach and Paolo Uccello among the old masters, and De Chirico (metaphysical period) of the contemporaries.

And, to finish, should I seek the reasons for my painting, I would feel that it would be a self-imprisonment.

"#8-1952"

Rollin
Crampton



1. When a work period comes about, I work regularly. Hours are about the same. I find an increasing degree of interest as one hour replaces another.

2. If the physical condition is good, city or country are alike; however, for the past 10 years I have worked in Woodstock, N. Y.

3. At times on one and sometimes on several. If I am working in tempera, I stick with it. Oil another time.

4. The time element varies. A painting may come off fast. At other times I go over the painting, but the final result is a new painting, not a worked-over one. Sometimes, during this process, I feel like throwing the work out the window and then in a final and fagged-out spurt something happens. I have forgotten self, and I may have a good painting. This I can't be sure of until the next day, when I am sometimes astounded at the new work's beauty or lack of beauty. By this, I do not intend to negate an intellectual awareness as preliminary to what may appear to be chance.

5. I am inspired by the beauty of the logarithmic spiral in a sea shell, rock surfaces, leaf arrangements (phyllotaxis). The abstract [continued on page 32]

"Sulking Woman"

Jose
de Creeft



I see nature and I love it; it is the source of all my art. I love to work in the fresh air of the country, but I love the city and its mass of people. There are times when I want contact with artists and museums and there are times when I want the solitude of the country. I have lived in many cities and many countries and I find that the urge to create in a material, one or several, is not determined by a specific physical environment, for I have worked with equal enthusiasm wherever I have been.

My working habits are quite flexible and vary according to my moods. Sometimes I will look at a stone for years before I have the desire to carve it. Other times I start work on a piece, or several pieces, finish some and leave others to be completed years later.

I am not urged to create, especially, by music or literature, or by seeing the works of artists in museums. What inspires me to work is not one particular thing; it is very many things combined. It is my past and present experience and training; it is all that I have seen, absorbed and digested. It is the impression of life that has been made, consciously and unconsciously, upon my mind. It is that I have to express my feelings in the only way that I can, clearly and fully. [continued on page 30]

symposium:

1. Do you work each day and keep regular hours? 2. Do you work better in the city or country? in Europe or America? 3. Do you concentrate on one thing at a time? one medium? 4. How long does it take you to complete a work? 5. Do you work from nature? 6. Do music and literature inspire any of your works? 7. How much of a factor are automatic inspiration and artificial stimulation during moments of creation? 8. What impressions, events, moods set off a work? 9. What artists, old masters or moderns, do you admire? 10. Are you stimulated by contact with other artists? 11. Do you visit museums? exhibitions of contemporary art? 12. Do you feel that you are working alone or in conjunction with other artists? 13. Is the sense of an artistic community important to your work?

THE CREATIVE PROCESS

"Excavation"

Peter
Blume



The fusion forms a clear image in my mind. It may come at odd times and under varying circumstances (always away from the studio), precipitated by a glow of light in the city, the deep shade of the woods, or it may come suddenly in the middle of the night. Light, or the absence of it, seems to be the catalyst. The "references" mentioned above develop as the picture progresses.

9. The question can best be answered by first making a distinction between what I enjoy and what I particularly admire. My enjoyment of art is very catholic. My admirations go beyond mere pleasure and are tempered by intellectual considerations. I believe that Giotto, Uccello, Van Eyck and Bosch, to choose just four painters out of the magnificent gothic period, equally rich in sculpture and architecture, each in his separate way represented the greatest culmination of esthetic energy and the most unique evolution of artistic forms since the Greeks. To understand an art fully it is necessary to know intimately the social and

[continued on page 32]

1. Yes.
2. I would say I can work anywhere, but the size of the room does require some adjustment.

3. Usually one painting at a time, and over the years in straight oil for the most part. I have used an emulsion medium like "Maroger" and at times tempera underpainting with glazes and overpainting, and at other times, done separate gouache or tempera paintings.

4. A long time, alas.

5. Except for drawings, no. I hardly ever refer to the drawings from nature after the preliminary stage of a painting.

6. Music not at all. Literature indirectly, in the sense that reading, especially history, has enlarged my sphere of reference. References form an important part of my painting.

7. "Automatic inspiration" has been a limited factor since I depend upon the deliberate trial and error method. I have enjoyed doing "doodles" and other "following the hand" exercises. I have drawn with my eyes closed in order to record only what I see in my mind, and to break down the tyranny of the hand. I have drawn with my foot with interesting results. I have made blots, drips and smudges and scumbles but have never learned how to utilize these "happy accidents" in a painting. They are like beautiful presents which I can't find a place for. Of all the un-deliberate or magical processes, the only one I have found useful is a form of self-hypnosis. Often, by repeating a series of lines in rapid succession, to the point of exhaustion, the ridged pattern in which habit or training has fixed them breaks down, and a quite different combination results. This gives me a new point of departure. Artificial stimulants (alcohol) I find advantageous only to relax with.

8. The genesis (a portentous word) of a picture I can trace back to accumulated personal experiences of things seen or imagined, to fascinations with certain shapes or textures, or to a preoccupation with a type of activity. The manner in which all this falls together into a single concept of a picture is entirely unpredictable.

Drawing

Larry
Rivers



I will assume, in answering these questions which appear harmless and unimportant enough to be interesting, that I am not standing on a mountain while, below me in the valley, everyone is waiting, as a crowd of fans impatiently waits for a Yes! or No! from a celebrity; for I am not Marilyn Monroe, and no one cares if I go around without underwear.

1. There is the standard, the ideal, the desire, and then there is human frailty, the boredom connected with immaterial passions. Larry Rivers tries to work every single day and all day, including Sundays—and Sundays in the summertime. I would be an interesting phenomenon, if not a machine, if I could, and very few artists could look me in the eye as their days are swallowed whole by the following whales: teaching jobs with and without prestige which some think enhance the calling card of "artist"; luncheon dates; tragic love affairs; tele-

Symposium: The Creative Process *continued*

phone calls that begin at awakening and don't end; cocktail parties that necessitate an interest in fashion and groggy late rising; doctor appointments for the mind and body.

But I don't work every day. I have my own whale. The idiotic needle of identification scratching my consciousness keeps me working five or six hours a day on painting and drawing (with a bit of luck), and, if I do sculpture, up to eight or nine hours. Half of this is work in the sense of an arm making movements across a surface, and the rest is looking, thinking, admiring and resting from the exhaustion. All of this bears a resemblance to undressing in public. Idiotic? I ask because I continually picture the artist as a minister without a parish or as some ludicrous opera singer, serious, with hand on breast—bellowing to an empty theater.

2. In New York, distraction is like a physical function: it is necessary, a pleasure, and meaningless. I like the country because—its distance and social separation from the city, and certain individuals therein, contribute to a fair production of spleen; [continued on page 33]



"Sleepwalker"

William
Baziotes

Yes, I work regularly each day and keep fixed hours. I work well in the city and even better in the country—and by the country I mean a small city in America, with beautiful landscape nearby. I have never been to Europe.

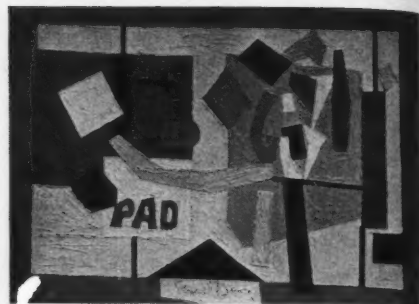
I work on eight or 10 paintings at once; at the same time, I draw and make pastels and watercolors. It takes me from six months to a year to finish a painting. Do I work from nature? I am always observing it, but never work from it directly.

Music and literature do not inspire any of my works, but I do find brothers in those arts, and though many are dead, they keep me from feeling alone.

Inspiration comes to me unexpectedly, never by virtue of deliberate stimulation, never by sitting in a chair; it always happens in front of the easel.

What impressions, events, moods, set off a painting? Man—the tragi-comic in man. Man, the ape and evolution. The fear in man. Man's duality. Pierrot. The faces of the matadors. And landscape—the sadness of autumn. Winter as in Breughels' *Hunting Scene*. The feeling of love in spring. The night. The moon. And animals—the rhinoceros, a dangerous clown. The power of the fighting bulls of Spain. The age of the dinosaurs and great bird-lizards flying overhead. And finally, old photographs—people, interiors and scenes from the 19th century. Old houses of America. History of the Civil War and the bad men of the Old West.

Among the artists, old and modern, whom I particularly admire: Piero della Francesca, Titian, Rembrandt, Utagawa, Rubens, Velasquez, Goya, [continued on page 33]



"Pad No. 3"

Stuart
Davis

In the old-time saloons, it was standard practice to have a glass of water on the free-lunch counter in which several forks gelatinously rested. These were for public use and were accepted with broad tolerance by the hygienically mystical juice-heads of the epoch in impaling their selections from the day's offerings. In like manner, the word "creative" has been stuck, without discrimination, into so many things and mouths as to have become unusable by men of discrimination today. As one of them, I am proscribed from participation in a discussion whose title contains this suspect term. In common decency, however, I shall drop a few remarks, on my way out, about my attitudes toward making a painting.

It is basic that no purpose ulterior to the making of first-class Art be present in the process. This particular formulation is a matter of temperament, of course. It can be made equally serviceable in such readings as: "No purpose ulterior to the destruction of Art"; "No purpose ulterior to no purpose", or "No purpose ulterior to ulterior purposes"—for those whose preferences run that way. History reveals that success has often been a concomitant of these formulations. [continued on page 34]



"Woman
in the Dunes"

George
Grosz

1. Used to work regularly, but not so much lately.
2. Work better in the country, in the U. S.
3. I work on a few works at once, in watercolor and in oils.
4. From two months to a year.
5. Yes, I work from nature.
6. I like to read, but I cannot say that I am inspired directly by it.
7. Not easy to define. I only may state that my painting is very seldom "thought out" or planned completely beforehand; very often the so-called ideas develop while I am painting.
8. Feelings of anxiety, horror, depression and fear, as much as the opposite sometimes—beauty, calmness and peace.
9. I have a liking for artists of the 19th century: Alfred Stevens, Weretschagin, Theodor Schütz and the so-called genre painters.
10. Very seldom; rarely exhibitions of contemporary art.
11. In general, I am not.
12. I have the sense that I work alone.
13. No, it is not.

57th Street

Sculpture & Drawings

Here in the compass of a gallery exhibition is an artistic feast of such scope and variety as few museums could equal—56 sculptures and 19 drawings by 26 sculptors, from Degas to Reg Butler. The scale of the work ranges from the amazing life-size *Shadow* by Rodin to the eight-inch *Crouching Nude* by the seldom-seen Manolo. A rare piece is *Tahitian Woman* by Gauguin, very moving in spite of its fragmentary state. Stunning figure pieces by Modigliani and Flannagan, and an abstraction by Arp remind us, in this age of steel, of the glory of stone.

An arrangement of shapes, *Three Forms*, by Moore, presents this artist in an early and important phase; his *Warrior*, 1953, shows him to be occupied with new and less comfortable forms. Most fully represented is Lipchitz, with an architectural *Seated Figure* of 1918, a large baroque *Mother and Child* of 1940, and three small bronzes of 1952 (whose basis is a chisel-form), refreshing in their humor and surprising in their invention. Outstanding among the drawings is a study in ink by Brancusi that seems just to have left the pen of the artist. (Valentin, to Jan. 24.)—S. G.

Rollin Crampton

A veteran of some 40 years of painting, Crampton has arrived at a non-figurative expression which is related more closely to metaphysical concepts than to physical appearances. Most of the canvases in his current exhibition are pervaded by a grayness which seems at first to lack substance, like a city enveloped in fog. One enters these domains hesitantly, seeking landmarks, points of contact. Gradually the observer is drawn into a magical rapport with the mysterious formlessness and discoveries begin: firmness becomes manifest, strengths at once delicate and elegant are sensed. Within the gray are found hints of many colors, perhaps all colors. Equilibrium emerges, subtle, occult. The paintings emanate a quiet poetry which is muted, elegiac, inexplicably moving. (Peridot, to Jan. 30.)—S.F.

Earl Kerkam

The Egan Gallery opens spacious new quarters at 46 East 57th Street with a handsome exhibition of works by gallery members and a show of paintings done during the past year in Paris by Earl Kerkam. Preoccupied almost solely with the head, Kerkam has executed a series of studies of himself in which pose and features are consistent; only the light varies to give each work its peculiar mood and character. The

structure of the skull is thoroughly explored and rendered with sensibility. Areas of paint are built up with small deliberate brushstrokes that are highly expressive.

Kerkham achieves the same intensity in his brief and dramatic watercolors in which heads appear almost like blossoms, the enfolding petals floating, or borne on a slender stem. (Egan, to Jan. 30.)—M.S.

Anne Ryan

A serene and pleasurable experience is this exhibition of Anne Ryan's recent collages and paintings. This is not to say that the work lacks power, for the composition is consistently strong; but tranquility is conveyed by the repeated shapes, parallel lines and stability of construction. The torn edge, the muted color, the faded or worn patch are arranged with extreme sensitivity in delicate collages of soft and subtle color harmonies.

The paintings progress in stages away from the collage, the point of departure being a collage-like background of soft-toned areas on which elaborations of black line are superimposed. More complex are the gay carnivals of dancing line and color—profusions of dots and dribbles, handled with finesse and precision. (Parsons, to Jan. 23.)—M.S.

Modern Painters and Sculptors

The Federation of Modern Painters and Sculptors, a group not bounded by "isms", has managed through the years to present shows of generally high quality. This 13th annual, in which almost 100 artists participate, is no exception.

The sculpture section here seems unusually good. Minna Harkavy's plaster clown, squat and pensive, dominates one gallery. In another, Louise Nevelson's piquant and witty *Ancient Figure Who Squared the Moon* contrasts with Calvin Albert's fantasies in metal, one a fluently linear cage of a man, the other, a flying abstraction. Other striking pieces include Anita Weschler's rugged stone and wood collages and José de Creeft's closely packed unit of a woman.

The painting section includes neoplastic compositions, post-cubist and expressionist abstractions and poetic realist works. Probably the strongest works are non-objective. Alice Trumbull Mason's *Staff, Distaff and Rod* is a cohesive rectilinear design which, in its clarity and unique order, has a poetic quality. George L. K. Morris offers a complex recessional of geometric forms. Ilya Bolotowsky shows a bright design.

Notable, too, are a large, ambiguous composition in soft color by Perle Fine; a delicate landscape by Morris Kantor, and a strong red and



Amedeo Modigliani: "Figure"



Karl Knaths: "Bach"

green image of a tugboat deck by John von Wicht.

Edwin Dickinson, Paul Mommer and many others, leaven the show with excellent realistic work. (Riverside Museum, to Jan. 31.)—D.A.

Alfeo Faggi

At a moment when boldness, even stridency, is the order of the day, the new work of Faggi comes as a whisper on the noisy art scene—the overheard whisper of private prayer.

Faggi has long been known for his moving treatment of religious themes, and for a series of portraits done over the course of the years, but his new reliefs—whose surfaces are so low, so delicately ruffled and so finely incised that they are difficult to see—hardly appear strong enough for the public gaze, just as they are hardly strong enough to withstand the gallery lights. Like secret acts of devotion or the intuitive flashings of mystical thought, they make only the faintest ripple on the face of things. At the same time *Annunciation* is a surprising version of a poignant theme, impressive in its fragility. (Weyhe, to Jan. 23.)—S. G.

Karl Knaths

Karl Knaths shows semi-abstract canvases that are evenly divided between the *oeuvre* of the past year and work dating from the recent past that has been loaned from private collections. As always, he is a colorist of subtlety and distinction. His palette is sweet and sensuous. The tempered richness of color is the more surprising since Knaths often leaves areas bare and applies all his hues flatly, depending not at all on paint manipulation for expressiveness.

The rich hedonism of *Bouquet*, which took first prize in the Metro-

politan Museum's American show two years ago, has now given way to greater austerity. *Bach* and *Johnny Applesseed*, dated 1953, have more sharply defined color patches and the over-writing of black line is more emphatic. There is a gain in expressiveness, but less subtlety.

Even with the strengthening of design, Knaths reveals himself as an excessively mild, if disarming, temperament. The momentum that could give distinct form to his schematic design or build up to some pictorial climax is missing. Lacking that core of inspiration or resolution, the pictures remain exercises in color sensibility, all delectable and in excellent taste, but just a little empty. (Rosenberg, to Jan. 30.)—S. H.

Cubism to 1918

A handsome demonstration of the enduring freshness and inventiveness of the new vision, this show presents 20 early cubist paintings by Picasso, Braque and Gris. Starting with a small Picasso study for the epochal *Les Femmes d'Alger*, the exhibition concludes with two brilliant 1918 still-lives by Juan Gris, the pseudonym of José Gonzales.

Notable among the canvases is Picasso's large, horizontal *Pipes, Tasse, Cafetière et Carafon* of 1911, painted with delicacy and élan, alive with shimmering ochers and complex interweaving forms. Braque scores with a 1913 *Violin et Guitare*: ochers, whites and grays varied by textural effects. An earlier landscape, *Paysage de l'Estaque*, exploits the warm tints of earth and buildings and the dynamism of green, arched trees, while in *Paysage de la Roche-Guyon* a striking balance is composed with the angles of tree trunk, branches and a house on the diagonal.



Georges Braque: "Paysage de l'Estaque." At Perls

A magnificent still-life of 1913, luminous and inventive, is organized into an intensely compact composition of blacks and ochers.

Gris, the lyricist, is strongly represented. The brightly colored, almost futurist *Le Magicien Fumeur*, of 1913, presents a face in shifting, successive images. A 1916 *Composition au Journal* is strikingly terse and geometric; angles of tables, paper and fruit make variations on the familiar still-life objects which the cubists lovingly portrayed. (Perls, to Feb. 6.)—A.L.C.

Joe Stefanelli

In many of these abstractions, a horizontal flow of forms—elliptical and wedge-shaped—suggest richly varied landscapes. The open-air feeling engendered by form is reinforced by psychologically suggestive color: clay browns, sun yellows, poppy reds, moss greens and sunset oranges.

An abstract expressionist, Stefanelli is in full control of seemingly informal means. He likes to build a painting around negative white shapes, over which he lightly brushes a thin film of paint. The effect of mysterious recesses behind the picture plane is heightened by interstices through which the dazzling white of the canvas is seen—the blinding light of midday. (Artists, Jan. 16-Feb. 4.)—D. A.

Frank de Gioia

Little Italy is still the theme of this artist's paintings. The broader and freer handling noted in his last exhibition is still more marked in this one; happily, the sparkling color and pungent humor remain. Whatever distortions of form de Gioia employs, his figures are never caricatures but



Philip Reisman: "Green Dagger"



Walter Stuempfig: "The Wharf"

personalities, whose predominant traits, physical and mental, are skillfully underlined.

Even in the serried, audience group of *First Concert* each lively figure is individually characterized, counterpointing with his own note of utter indifference, the entertainment on the stage. Among the amusing canvases, *The Boss* reveals the unconscious tyranny of an infant over its adoring family. (Milch, to Jan. 23.)—M. B.

Philip Reisman

Some of these paintings tend to be anecdotal and illustrative. In his better efforts, however, Reisman reduces this element to a minimum and even exploits it. His keen and vigorous curiosity gives his work strength.

It is in such paintings as *The Net* and *Twilight* that the artist realizes his highest potentials. He simplifies his palette to a few telling colors and unifies his composition by placing strong accents along its main axis.

Sympathy for toiling man is a theme which recurs in most of his paintings. He handles it without patronizing benevolence, but with true and often poignant insight. (A.C.A., to Jan. 30.)—F. S. L.

Einar Jolin

In this large retrospective exhibition of a Swedish painter's work, differing phases of esthetic conviction and technical procedure are apparent. Some of the early canvases, such as *Girl Reading*, reflect the influence of Munch in their romantic appeal, although free of the Norwegian artist's prevailing melancholy. In Jolin's later portraiture, flexibility of pose and gesture gives way to inflexibility and almost static effect.

Views of Stockholm and other Swedish cities are the outstanding canvases. In their cool clarity of tones of both water and sky, and in their closely packed congeries of low buildings relieved by jutting spires, they convey a spirit of realism and yet synthesize the scenes. A series of late decorative still-lives suggest the artist's study with Matisse. (St. Etienne, to Jan. 31.)—M. B.

Walter Stuempfig

Stuempfig's recent oils indicate a change from European to American sources of inspiration. *The Wharf* retains the characteristics of his earlier romantic realist work; here figures form a tableau in almost surrealist stillness, their gray-tan tonalities heightened by sudden, spotted light. Though hints of this manner are occasionally found in the newer paintings, these generally recall the styles of Eakins (*Salt Water*) and Homer (*The Sycamore*), and certain Whistlerian moods (*Net Winders*).

Stuempfig seems most convincing in this show when he interprets his theme with a direct vision, as in *The River*. Its genuinely poetic quality depends neither upon theatrical lighting nor upon the misty vapors which give most of his new works a look of anemia. (Durlacher, to Feb. 6.)—S.F.

Leatrice Rose

Painting with assurance, this young expressionist easily dominates her large canvases, deriving a variety of lively patterns from simple objects of daily significance. When she paints an interior, she fills it with warmth, pleasant associations, a sense of life.

Combining broad impasto brushwork with delicate washes and overpainting, Miss Rose varies the sur-

face of her canvases. In a gentle still-life like *Magnolias* or a bold interior like *Studio*, she reveals a strong feeling for the relationships between objects. (Hansa, Jan. 19-Feb. 6.)—D.A.

Three New Artists

Two painters and a sculptor, each making a New York debut, form an interesting trio in a show of startling contrasts. With vivid, harsh primary color, laid on in heavy lakes of paint, Alfred Jensen traces big bold designs in confident and positive compositions. The biomorphic forms in a nightmarish dissonance of color are exuberantly handled with an almost grandiose sweep and scale.

Against this fustian display, Sally Hazelet's paintings are so restrained that one is scarcely aware of the intensity with which they are painted. Vigorous underpainting is revealed faintly flickering through a thin monochrome wash on which sparse touches of line and color are sensitively and provocatively placed.

Robert Becker constructs his pleasing sculptures from steel rods and bands, and provides a serene contrast to the more disturbing paintings. (Tanager, to Jan. 28.)—M.S.

Kottler Group

Outstanding in this rather diverse selection are a delicately executed and lively patterned canvas, *Metropolis*, by Arthur Hoener, which recalls, in the refinement of its overall oscillation of shapes and colors, the work of Tobey, and a flower-piece by Morton Birkin, who effectively controls a brilliant palette and tortuous shapes. Also worth attention are a rectilinear, cleanly painted *Manor House* by Irwin Gross; some freshly

Angelo Ippolito:
"Red and Yellow Composition"



Gandy Brodie: "Where Will We Live
When the World Grows Dark"



Oronzio Maldarelli: Evelyn No. 2"



Charles Prendergast: "The Hill Town"



57th Street continued

brushed watercolors of Paris by Christiane Oliveda; two forceful, though conservative, black-and-white heads, *Don Quixote* and *Christ*, by J. L. Rey-Vila, and an expressionistic landscape by Natalie Jasiukynaite. (Kottler, to Jan. 23.)—R. R.

Angelo Ippolito

A young painter, Ippolito has already made notable contributions to several group shows, and now exhibits work of the past three years. It is marked by a clarity of structure and a personal sense of color.

Where previously the artist worked with a cruciform composition of rugged shapes and with dense earth colors, he is now painting in a looser, more lyrical manner, using colors that are modulated, creating glossy and mat patterns that are designed to suggest dynamic space.

With the new lyricism, Ippolito has achieved a new subtlety. Some of his paintings, horizontal in structure, suggest landscapes and are more refined, more abstract than his earlier canvases. In these, sometimes, an emphatic band of highly colored rectangles ranged at intervals produces an extra dimension—an exciting interwoven play of forms, always seeming to promise much behind the plane of perception. (Tanager, Jan. 29-Feb. 19.)—D.A.

Midtown Group

This 22nd anniversary exhibition represents the gallery's artists at their best. Each shows a new work. William Thon's *Autumn Light*, a large canvas, builds up an intricate harmony of form and line, suffused by a splendor of direct and reflected light. Zoltan Sepeshy's *Work Room*, another large painting, does not seem to have an irrelevant brush stroke in all its lavish assortment of studio paraphernalia. Julian Binford's *Umbrella* is an imaginative design. Oronzio Maldarelli's high relief sculpture, *Evelyn*, shows a continuity of flowing line and plane; contrast of smooth marble texture and the detail of hair lend vitality to the figure.

The show also includes admirable paintings by Dong Kingman, Gladys Rockmore Davis, Waldo Pierce, Emlen Etting and Miron Sokole. (Midtown, Jan. 19-Feb. 6.)—M. B.

Charles Prendergast

Charles Prendergast, who died in 1948, was the brother of a more famous artist, Maurice. Charles began his career as a craftsman, a frame-maker; later, as a master of the applied arts, he developed an interest in picture panels and small sculpture.

The present memorial exhibition testifies to Prendergast's artistic

versatility. Mingling Near Eastern and Greek forms and ornament, lovingly incising lines on panels covered with gold leaf, using exotic color and fanciful themes, he achieved a minor but exquisite expression of his own. The world he created is remote, beguiling—a world of mythical landscapes which evoke an eternal springtime. Along with some of his best compositions—*The Riders* of 1915 and two decorative panels of 1918—the show includes several New York panoramas, zestful blends of naïveté and sophistication. (Kraushaar, to Jan. 23.)—A. L. C.

Gandy Brodie

Two seasons ago, Gandy (as he signs his work) was selected by the Kootz Gallery as one of two artists to be shown in a "new talent" exhibition. This, however, is his first one-man show and though it is small, it reveals an artistic personality that has a potency and authenticity rarely encountered in a painter under 30.

Expressionist in tenor, Gandy's pictures are intensely personal responses to both traditional and contemporary themes. In *Crucifixion* (one of series on this theme) a murky background, dense with paint, is offset by the blood-red wounded head and hands of the Christ, while a night of darkened stars creates a cosmic counterpart to the tragedy. *Minton's* takes its inspiration from a contemporary subject. Agitated by slashing strokes of paint, hot reds and oranges, it gives visual and expressive concreteness to the blaring sounds and frenetic atmosphere of the famous jazz dive, suggesting at the same time the violence of some primitive rite. Included, as well, are a few gouaches which are lower in key and convey a certain elegance and wit. Everything in the show commands utmost attention. (Urban, to Jan. 30.)—R. R.

Maurice Grosser

Although many of these paintings represent southern trees dripping with moss, the most effective are a group of still-lives. In these, Grosser fancifully assembles unrelated objects—dried corn, seaweed, roots and shells—in dynamic and elaborate compositions. A pale palette underlines the quality of fantasy in these still-lives. (Hugo, to Jan. 30.)—D. A.

Jan Gelb

One hesitates to call these paintings (subtitled "metaphysical landscapes" by the artist) abstractions. Crystalline webs of luminous color suggest the diaphanous color and distances of clear morning skies or the hidden drifts of light in the core of a gem.

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Books

A Home is Not a House

"THE HOUSE AND THE ART OF ITS DESIGN," by Robert Woods Kennedy. New York: Reinhold, 1953. \$9.

Reviewed by Adeline R. Tintner

This book tells us for whom the modern house is built and what kind of life situations it must meet. Perhaps it is the first book to recognize that a house is not a "home," a commodity gotten up by speculative builders for the lower middle class and inhabited, alas, by those who know, but cannot afford, better.

Using current sociological techniques for the analysis of class structure (Warner, Lunt and others) and current psychological studies on the family constellation (Gesell, Spock, Binger), the author views the association of architect and client as a creative enterprise for the protection and shelter of the good life, not for its formation. His book admirably expresses the new trend in architec-

tural thinking to play down the house as a magical talisman which can take the place of personality or is capable of renewing or transforming it. "Houses are only really important to people who do not know how to live." They are not absolute works of art or of ethics. "A good house has been warped . . . compromised" by all kinds of conditions. The focus, then, is neither on society nor on form: it is on the human being, the client, that member of the "innovating group of the upper middle class" who "must be personally secure enough to . . . see innovation as the foundation of security" and who must "be capable of thinking out his living problems and intensely desirous of doing so." Kennedy's client represents the modern Hero as Adjusted Personality whose emotions are to be guided, not created or formed, by architecture.

Behind the psychological motivation of this viewpoint lies the natu-

ralism of Burroughs who in 1886 wrote that a house should achieve "negative beauty." It "is but a setting, a background, and is not to be pushed to the front and made much of for its own sake." Kennedy himself belongs to the American line—carried on from Thoreau and Emerson by Sullivan, Wright and Mumford—that respects our vernacular with its flexibility of structure now so fashionable again.

The book's charts and diagrams which wittily order Kennedy's observations and distinctions are quite useful. But the ultimate test of its argument lies in the choice of illustrations. There are houses by H. H. Harris, Koch and Kennedy, Belluschi, Wurster, Bernardi and Emmons and others in which the honestly revealed structure demonstrates a contemporary concern for leisure and relaxation. We feel the presence of an authentic national school.

Dante Interpreted by Blake

"BLAKE'S ILLUSTRATIONS TO THE DIVINE COMEDY," by Albert S. Roe. Princeton: Princeton University Press, 1953. \$20.

Reviewed by Ulrich Weisstein

This book for the first time makes available to a larger public a series of drawings executed by William Blake during the last three years of his life (1824-1827). It is to be regretted, however, that the reproductions—approximately half of their actual size—are not in color.

In four introductory chapters the author briefly discusses the history of the set, Blake's attitude toward Dante's philosophy and poetry, the unity of theme in the designs and problems of style. His material is well selected, although he makes no reference to such previous critical discussions as M. W. Rossetti's "Descriptive Catalogue".

While the illustrations in this book will serve as an indispensable source for further analyses of Blake's style, Roe's exegesis of the symbolic explanation of Blake's system occupies more space than the four introductory chapters taken together, and the annotations to the 101 drawings, and the seven engravings derived from them, in many cases seem slightly inflated. The author's awareness of the obscurity and ambiguity of the symbolism does not prevent him from meticulously carrying out his project.

Roe begins his discussion of each drawing by comparing its pictorial representation with the passage in the "Divine Comedy" to which it re-

fers. He continues by analyzing its symbolic content in terms of Blake's mystic philosophy, in an attempt to establish points of divergence between the two systems of thought. Accordingly, he groups the drawings under three headings: 1) faithful (literal) representations, 2) adaptations to Blake's mythology, and 3) critical interpretations of Dante's text. On the basis of these distinctions he comes to the conclusion that Blake, while trying to adjust the "Comedy" to his philosophy, has frequently twisted, but in no instance distorted, Dante's meaning.

Roe's study would undoubtedly have gained in scope, had he taken— notwithstanding Malraux' critical attitude toward the idea of the master-

piece as applied to our age of one-man shows and complete editions—a firmer critical stand and provided us with a key for his critical method. As it is, he has discussed the color scheme and the pictorial organization of the individual specimens which he thinks are particularly successful.

Unfortunately, most of the drawings in the series remain unfinished; nevertheless they testify to the superior quality of Blake's linear technique, to his eminent concern for the grouping of figures and the framing of scenes, to his distinctive treatment of landscape.

Though the author often fails to emphasize Blake's unique qualities sufficiently, his book deserves a

William Blake: "The Whirlwind of Lovers"



Books *continued*

prominent place on the bookshelves of both critic and connoisseur. It is to be hoped that it will help bring about that revaluation of Blake's art which must come of necessity; for we can no longer be content with con-

sidering Blake, together with El Greco and Grünewald, a mere forerunner of 20th century expressionism. His illustrations to the "Divine Comedy" are, after all, closer in style to Claude Lorrain's architectonic

landscapes than to Goya's oppressive pictorial nightmares.

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The Urge to Abstraction

"ABSTRACTION AND EMPATHY" by Wilhelm Worringer. Translated by Michael Bullock. New York: International Universities Press, Inc., 1953. 144 pp. \$4.00.

Reviewed by Hilton Kramer

It is a little shocking to realize that this influential book by Worringer has had to wait 45 years for an English translation. Written in 1908 as the author's doctoral dissertation—perhaps the least promising medium for a work of art criticism—it was enthusiastically reviewed in the periodical "Kunst und Künstler" by the German poet Paul Ernst, and thereafter brought out in a commercial edition. As Worringer himself remarks in the foreword to the 1948 edition, "It became an 'Open Sesame' for the formulation of a whole range of questions important to the epoch."

It should be recalled that at the turn of the century, German art theory was still dominated by the Wincklemann school and the classical ideal which it promulgated. Worringer's revolutionary study represented a revolt against the Wincklemann tradition. In it, he employed Hegel's intellectual categories, as well as Hegel's precedent for introducing historical materials from non-Western and even primitive cultures, to alter the whole subject of the origin and meaning of style in the plastic arts. The result was a radical revision in thinking about both naturalism and abstraction, a revision which proved to have a relevance to modern art unsuspected by Worringer himself, who had conceived his work as a purely historical inquiry. Yet it was their commitment to historical evidence which gave Worringer's ideas an even greater authority once they were applied to the modern movement, for "Abstraction and Empathy" was not an apology for modernism but an interpretation of art history in which abstraction was held to be a legitimate and inevitable expression.

What Worringer asserted in 1908 was the absurdity of judging works of art on the basis of an ideal style, i.e. the classical-Renaissance ideal, which necessarily denigrated any work of art conceived in different terms. "What appears from our

standpoint the greatest distortion must have been at the time, for the creator, the highest beauty and the fulfillment of his artistic volition," he wrote. "Thus all valuations made from our standpoint . . . which passes judgement exclusively in the sense of the antique or the Renaissance, are from a higher standpoint absurdities and platitudes." The real problem, Worringer insisted, was to inquire into the origin of each style in order to place it in a context where it could be perceived for its special quality. Such an inquiry would reveal the validity of styles and of whole epochs of art which classical principles simply could not accommodate. It would even alter our conception of the classical style itself, Worringer believed, revealing it to be the result of a cultural evolution more complex than had previously been admitted.

Worringer's method was to seek this broad context in the cultural imperatives which motivate the artist in his work. These imperatives, Worringer held, determine "artistic volition, i.e. the aim-conscious impulse that precedes the genesis of the work of art." Thus, "the stylistic peculiarities of past epochs are . . . not to be explained by lack of ability"—the presumptuous explanation offered by the classical school—"but by a differently directed volition." And from the volitional point of view, Worringer continued, there would seem to be two distinct poles of artistic experience: the need for empathy, which finds its expression in naturalism, and the urge to abstraction. "Recollection of the lifeless form of a pyramid or the suppression of life that is manifested, for instance, in Byzantine mosaics tells us at once that here the need for empathy, which for obvious reasons always tends toward the organic, cannot possibly have determined artistic volition. . . . This counter-pole to the need for empathy appears . . . to be the urge to abstraction."

Now what are the psychic presuppositions for this urge to abstraction, Worringer asks—and in posing the problem, asks the question which will haunt the 20th century as it has no other. "We must seek them in these peoples' feelings about the world, in their psychic attitude toward the cosmos. Whereas the precondition

for the urge to empathy is a happy pantheistic relationship of confidence between man and the phenomena of the external world, the urge to abstraction is the outcome of a greater inner unrest inspired in man by the phenomena of the outside world; in a religious respect it corresponds to a strongly transcendental tinge to all notions. We might describe this state as an immense spiritual dread of space." And in the course of this discussion of abstraction, Worringer comes up with an amazing insight, with nothing less than an anticipation of Mondrian's later style: "The simple line and its development in purely geometrical regularity was bound to offer the greatest possibility of happiness to the man disquieted by the obscurity and entanglement of phenomena. For here the last trace of connection with, and dependence on, life has been effaced, here the highest absolute form, the purest abstraction has been achieved; here is law, here is necessity, while everywhere else the caprice of the organic prevails."

Brilliant and penetrating as Worringer's remarks are, half a century of modern art, as well as the vicissitudes of modern taste, inevitably reveal certain of his prejudices to be parochial. Notably, his hesitations before the achievements of primitive art (hesitations of personal taste, since he shows himself to have a profound awareness of its qualities) remind us of his moment in history and of his commitment to Western traditions. For this reason, we shall do well to look upon Worringer as standing mid-way between Wincklemann and Malraux—which is a way of indicating both his extraordinary achievement and its limits.

Books Received

ENGLISH ART, 1100-1216, by T. S. R. Boase. (London: Oxford, \$10.) A continuation of the Oxford chronological history, to be complete in 11 volumes.

SURVIVAL THROUGH DESIGN, by Richard Neutra. (New York: Oxford, \$5.50.) An elaboration of the thesis that the designer must acquire a stronger biological bias.

CUBIST AESTHETIC THEORIES, by Christopher Gray. (Baltimore: The Johns Hopkins Press, \$4.50.) A study of the underlying philosophy of cubism, its esthetics, in terms of the history of ideas which preceded it.

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Pages from a Teacher's Notebooks by Hale Woodruff

TEACHER: *Johnny why do you continue to look out the window?*

JOHNNY: *I was just thinking, teacher.*

TEACHER: *Well, turn around and do your lessons; the school is no place for thinking!* —Anon.

At the outset let us recognize (1) the existing difference, however slight, between the artist who teaches and the educator who is an artist; and (2) that a discussion of this topic within the limitations of this column must, at best, be cursory.

Any appraisal of the artist in the role of teacher must be undertaken in the light of the aims and objectives of art, as well as the current artistic and cultural climate. Questions assert themselves: What is an artist; what is teaching? (It may be more prudent not to ask "What is art?") We only know that art is "that way" and that art itself is more articulate than language.

In the name of the very holy Trinity, I wish to put you to painting.

—Cennini

Majority agreement would indeed show that the whole of art cannot be packaged and dispensed as a body of knowledge. Some, however, have made an attempt to do this. Craftsmanship in art is one of its necessary components and is naturally a part of the art process. But craft alone hardly constitutes the full substance of what we have come to designate as art. It is no great task to learn or to teach that the pigments yellow and blue, when mixed, produce green. And the resulting greens may vary in quality as widely as the number of people who produce them.

Realizing this limitation of craft, can it be assumed that this is enough to teach and that, by some miracle of nature, art will eventually emerge? This is one course nature rarely takes. And it is futile to try to circumvent this limitation with any sort of dogma, arbitrarily interjected. Such a maneuver merely ends in reminding us of the Victorian petticoat which "covered everything but touched nothing."

The academy is dead—long live the academy. —Anon.

The corpse has long since been buried and the floral wreaths long since withered. Failure greets every attempt to resurrect the corpse and the synthetic spray on the dead flow-

ers is recognized for what it is. Those vainly attempting this fruitless task can only ask the corpse to "move over; this business of living in the present is too much for us."

Of the academy, then, we say "good riddance" and proceed to exploit our new found freedom. And when we speak of freedom, we mean freedom to find anew our individual selves. This is as it should be. Yet so compelling can "self" become that it can give rise to another academy. Cézanne, in the pursuit of his "realizations," no doubt believed his art would be the ultimate. Had he lived to see it, he possibly would not have been the least surprised to find an academy erected on the foundations of his endeavors.

Either by precept or, consciously or unconsciously, by teaching, academies take root. Today examples are amply and discouragingly apparent. We need to note only a few: the academy of the free form, of the pointed form, of the primitive form, of the biomorphic form, etc., etc.

Yet it may be fairly conceded that an academy of some sort is a good thing to have around. At least we can have something to be against and perhaps know why we are against it.

Had you thought that there was but one Supreme . . . —Whitman

A considerable amount of self-esteem is required to enable an artist to believe that he can create an object that is moving and exalting, an object significant to mankind as well as to himself. What we identify in him as modesty is very likely indifference, and a reluctance to bother about things not directly concerned with the business of making art. In this business he makes choices and decisions which are regarded by him as final and absolute. These are both the prerequisites and the prerogatives of the artist.

There is, however, the possibility of these processes finding their way into his teaching methods, leading to the subsequent discovery of himself in the role of "high-priest." The student then becomes the projection screen for the teacher's own images. While such a state of affairs is open to question, it would be unwise to deny a certain place to authority. Artists in the past have survived it. El Greco's master must have been an authority. He had to be since his time was characterized by an authoritarian form of art.

The high-priest concept is both valid and essential to the creation of art. But in the area of teaching its role is useful only insofar as it leads toward the development of apostles, not disciples. It is significant that when one looks upon one's former teachers in retrospect, one recalls not so much what they taught, but what they were like.

Teachers are born—and teachers are made. —Anon.

It is a safe guess that a greater ratio of artists enter the teaching field than do other professionals. The American artist is, by and large, more disposed to teaching than his European counterpart. The latter looks upon it as pedagogy and leaves it to the professors. He is content to undertake an occasional "commercial" job to supplement the sale of his pictures. This practice is too often considered beneath the American artist, who is intent on keeping his art "uncontaminated."

A popular assumption is that the artist is potentially a better teacher than the non-artist. Because of the very nature and character of his activity, the artist has a slight edge on other educators. But it does not necessarily follow that all artists are good teachers. Many artists have no interest in teaching. Some have never given it a serious thought. Others have acquired an interest—even a proficiency—in teaching after having entered the field. Their entry into the field may have been occasioned by any number or variety of motivations: desire for prestige, economic expediency, or the sheer love of teaching.

Whatever the motivation, whatever the attitude of the artist toward his teaching, he must come to realize his wider and deeper responsibility in an ever-changing world. He must develop a keener insight into the personalities and problems of his charges and guide them toward the fullest possible realization of their highest aims. He should recognize the right of individuality and adventure in the work of his fellow artists and students alike—a right which he grants to himself.

The "grand manner" of today may be best defined as the dignity and purposes of man. This is the concept to which the teacher must adhere.

Hale Woodruff, a council member of the Committee on Art Education, is on the faculty of the art department of the School of Education, New York University.

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Expatriates' Return *continued from page 7*

full of charm and individuality, consequently we sometimes realize the full measure of his reticent and discriminating taste in the smaller and more informal works, like the exquisite *The Artist in the Studio* (Chicago Art Institute), with its remote and transparent atmosphere, or the *Symphony in Red* (John Bryson, Oxford, England), an epitome of a whole esthetic movement. As always, one is bound to speculate on the enigma of a singularly complicated personality: how do we reconcile the brilliant invective and awareness of individual personalities of Whistler, the man, with his strangely aloof artistic achievement, limited by self-imposed restrictions which reduce the impact of thought and feeling to delicate tonal relationships?

Mary Cassatt, just 10 years younger, is shown full scale in a similar succession of works which cover a period of approximately 40 years. She was by no means a precocious artist, and the earliest paintings hardly suggest more than competent training and hard work. Her *On the Balcony* of 1872 (Philadelphia Museum of Art), painted when she was 28, is an exercise in a rigid academic manner; she had progressed amazingly four years later when she painted *Young Woman Reading* (Boston Museum of Fine Arts), with its intelligent and healthy assimilation of an almost 18th-century style.

Then followed the exciting development of her association with the impressionists, particularly Degas, and a constantly growing preoccupation with carefully disciplined visual observation, on the one hand, and with a psychological penetration which, while remaining discreet and rather aristocratic, was full of insight. Only

Toulouse-Lautrec, in his totally different way, was more completely absorbed in specific personalities. The painter's mother, sister, cousins and friends appear again and again in her compositions.

Among the fine things of this first rich period are the small gouache *Self-Portrait* of 1878 (Mr. and Mrs. Richard Proskauer, New York) and the exuberant *La Loge* (Marcel Midy, Paris), originally included in the fourth impressionist show. In *Lady at the Tea Table*, 1885 (Metropolitan Museum of Art), Cassatt emphasizes structure and pattern of the most subtle architectural character. Indeed, throughout her work these elements never disappeared even in her most fluent impressionistic phase.

It was not until about 1890, when she was 45, that Cassatt turned to the theme of the mother and child, a theme with which her name is always associated. These paintings exploit all that is most observant and precise in a draftsmanship of impeccable skill, in a radiant use of color, particularly in the flesh areas, and in a point of view which is full of tenderness and comprehension but without sentimentality or overemphasis.

In her final period, she turned more and more often to pastel, as in the climactic *Mme. Aude and her Daughters* (Charles Durand-Ruel, Paris), about 1899, unexpectedly strong with its brilliant blue background, sharp green table top and pink costumes. The interesting set of color prints made in 1891 under strong Japanese influence are also included.

In many respects, the Sargents come as the greatest revelation, due to the exclusion, with a few exceptions, of works which demonstrate the meretricious and superficial as-

John Singer Sargent: "The Pailleron Children"



pects in his late work which caused so sudden a decline in his reputation after his death in 1925. There is no doubt that Sargent was amazingly precocious: he does not start out, like Whistler and Cassatt, as a copyist; at the age of 20 he is capable of the real brilliance of the *Rehearsal of the Pas De Loup Orchestra* (anonymous loan), a small masterpiece of swift realization. Only a few years later he is able to achieve with instinctive ease a picture like *Luxembourg Gardens at Twilight* (Minneapolis Institute of Arts), as subtle in values as anything by Whistler, but realized with almost insolent bravura.

Moreover, the young Sargent was as sophisticated a judge of human nature as he was technically accomplished. To my mind, the most extraordinary painting in the exhibition is *The Pailleron Children* (Robert Bourget Pailleron, Paris), painted in 1880 when the artist was only 24, and now seen for the first time in this country. This enormous canvas combines the almost heartless brilliance of observation and probing detail of the French academic tradition with a truly remarkable psychological penetration. The calculating intensity and suspicious concentration of these strangely sophisticated children is realized with almost frightening power; material opulence and reticent, tense individualism merge.

There is no doubt that Sargent's greatest period was the decade of the 1880s, which produced the hieratic magnificence of the great formal portraits of *Madame X* (Metropoli-

tan Museum of Art) and *Mrs. Adrian Iselin* (Miss Georgine Iselin, New York), the clever intimacy of such smaller works as *Vernon Lee* (Tate Gallery) and *Carmela Bertagna* (Columbus Gallery of Fine Arts) and the adroit nonchalance of *Robert Louis Stevenson* (Taft Museum, Cincinnati), in a rare state of preservation. Unfortunately, Sargent's method and his cavalier attitude toward the material side of his craft has caused many of these works to deteriorate physically.

Of course it would be wrong to ignore Sargent as the vastly successful society painter, the supreme recorder of Edwardian opulence and self-satisfaction. *The Countess of Lathom* (1904) is almost a magnificent parody of the grand manner, and its present ownership by the International Business Machines Corporation seems a piece of ironic symbolism. The most splendid of the late works is *Lady Lassoone* (Marchioness of Cholmondeley, London) of 1907; in a sense we can now look at this nervous virtuoso achievement with a standard of judgment not available to Sargent's contemporaries and see that the abstract relationships within the very fabric of the pigment represented a significant esthetic act. A large and, of course, brilliant group of watercolors carries Sargent as far as 1917. All of these works are in a style which is today virtually a lost art.

The excellent catalogue contains a perceptive essay by Sweet, "The Expatriates Return," as well as much useful information about individual works.

57th Street continued from page 20

The artist has chosen a dangerous course: one shade of overstatement in a color and her canvases would be intolerably sweet.

Miss Gelb has infused an element of suspense into her paintings, as if some sublime action were imminent in the vistas she records. Technically, too, she is adept at dramatizing and enlivening surfaces by setting mottled or veined planes against smooth stretches of translucent color. (Ganso, to Jan. 23.)—F. S. L.

Jim Benton

A minimum amount of paint is applied in spare strokes to these large canvases. Benton's brusque configurations occasionally take on the aspect of Chinese characters painted with broad and flickering brushstrokes, but more often the artist places paint solely according to his own intuition. Perhaps because of their severity, these paintings seem

a little contrived, a little too cerebral to convey the emotional intensity on which, if anything, this type of painting must depend. (Matrix, to Jan. 30.)—M.S.

Bernard Olshan

Olshan's second one-man show impresses by virtue of both pictorial control and vivid subject matter. His style, while strongly indebted to Northern expressionist currents, has been severely disciplined by the later, more sensuous phases of cubism, so that some of the bite implicit in his themes is modified by his cool and admirable mastery of color, shape, and texture. Often, as in *Night Club People* or *Fortune Teller*, he evokes the social-expressionist atmosphere of Beckmann or Grosz.

Probably the handsomest of Olshan's paintings is *Warriors Feeding Dogs*, in which a rich pictorial order is wedded to a scene of lances, clash-

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57th Street continued

ing armor, ferocious dogs and sacrificial birds; the whole makes a potent image of war and animality. (Eggleston, Jan. 18-30.)—R. R.

Fred Hauke

A surrealist, Hauke is interested in a new humanism which will restore the arts to the "intelligent individual." As a result, his paintings are absolutely literary, although occasionally they strike a mystic note in a more ambiguous, painterly fashion. The best of them are smaller, painted with a fine brush. Depicting organic forms with vascular tracery, they are reminiscent of medical slides.

In his images of perdition, Hauke recalls Flemish primitives, depicting small female nudes and diabolic animals. (Creative, to Jan. 22.)—D. A.

Robert E. Borgatta

In his first one-man show at this gallery, Borgatta exhibits watercolors which evidence his technical and imaginative gifts. Across his compositions black lines dart in long intersecting stitches. Behind and around them run rich and freely flowing washes of watercolor. Together they create pictorial space relationships which express the taut forms of rigging and mast, the complex patterns made by the city's structure.

Two major influences are still apparent in these paintings. *The Street*, for example, owes much to Feininger; *One Hundred Walks* is indebted to I. Rice Pereira. Nevertheless these influences are being progressively absorbed and the artist seems to be developing his own style. (Wellons, to Jan. 30.)—S.F.

Louise A. Freedman

In the monotype, which is painted on glass in heavy printers' inks, the composition often depends on accidental effects controlled by the pressure of the artist's hand. Mrs. Freedman has exercised singular control in these large monotypes. Her vaporous seascapes and Monhegan Island motifs are full of delicate transitions and transparencies. Atmospheric effects and simplicity of design give these prints a pleasing Oriental flavor. (Serigraph, to Jan. 31.)—D. A.

Karlis Group

Closely quartered but varied, this group of about 50 small paintings, drawings and sculpture represents well-known artists, including Avery, Gropper, Moses and Raphael Soyer, Cikovsky, Laufman, Evergood and others. Hilda Katz is represented here with richly painted flower studies; Gerrit Hondius shows strongly composed paintings of fishermen. An interesting gold-skied Louis

[continued next page]

On the Material Side *by Ralph Mayer*

One of the modern, scientific laboratory methods which has been useful in establishing data on materials is the accelerated exposure test. Using this test, in the span of a few hours one gets an indication of how different materials endure normal or adverse conditions over a period of years. Much has been said for and against the use and value of such tests, but when they are conducted by experienced technicians, with standardized, accurately controlled apparatus, and if the results are competently interpreted, they supply us with much definite information about the tendency of various materials to resist or succumb to the effects of long exposure to actual sunlight, oxygen, temperature change, moisture.

Standard tests which have been designed to determine the yellowing of vehicles and mediums check very accurately against the results of direct experience. Tests for the loss of flexibility on aging usually include exposure at very close range to highly destructive ultra-violet rays which, under properly controlled conditions, exert a devastating effect on oil painting materials and which indicate the degree of photochemical embrittlement that can be expected over a long period of years of natural exposure.

From my own experience with such tests, I prefer to use them in techniques that might be called diagnoses rather than post-mortems; that is, rather than push the coating to the point of destruction, I look for the point at which it begins to break down and the point at which definite comparisons can be made, because from these points on, there is likely to be too great a difference between the behavior of a coating under artificial conditions and under actual exposure over a long period of years. At present, on the basis of my studies (in which, admittedly, there are in-

complete areas), I can offer these bits of advice to artists who are interested in prolonging the flexibility of their paintings:

1. Oil paintings should be done on a faultless canvas or panel with pure linseed oil colors, thinned where necessary with a little turpentine or mineral spirit. When completely dry, they should be brushed over with a protective picture varnish (damar or acrylic).

2. The addition of any resin to oil paints leads to eventual embrittlement, hence only the minimum quantity of resinous medium that is necessary for manipulation should be used.

3. Paints, varnishes, enamels and lacquers, including the water-miscible polymers or dispersions, which consist largely or entirely of resins (hard, soft or synthetic) are too susceptible to embrittlement to be classed as "permanent."

4. The traditional egg and egg/oil temperas, when used on boards in techniques which do not depart too radically from their classic applications, are acceptable. But on canvas—especially on gessoed or absorbent canvas—they are doomed to heavy cracking.

5. Casein/oil emulsions cannot be approved because they become too brittle. Straight casein paints are satisfactory when used on boards, and when exaggerated or spectacular impasto textures are avoided.

6. All complex techniques—such as multiple coatings, "mixed techniques", "wet into wet", heavy glazing, etc.—on canvas or panel will or will not achieve permanence depending on the skill, knowledge and thoroughness of the painter. They are not suited to the careless or impulsive painter but are intended for those who deliberately plan and thoughtfully execute their work.

57th Street *continued*

Eilshemius landscape is an exhibition highlight. Louise Nevelson and Nat Werner are among the sculptors. (Tirca Karlis, to Feb. 1.)—S. F.

Dwight Ripley

Among the whimsical, and sometimes satirical compositions here are a number of topical puns on familiar New York phenomena. The Hotel Chelsea, for example, becomes for Ripley a composition of varied squares—almost, but not quite, in the Mondrian manner, for incongruously dangling from behind one of the rectangles are a pair of human legs. Among the other *jeux d'esprit* here are a motel in a Midwestern wilderness, fashioned like a Moroccan castle; a festooned Turk-

ish harbor; the end of an umbrellaed garden party, and a collage made up of three-cent stamps, representing Manhattan. (Tibor de Nagy, to Jan. 30.)—D. A.

Clay Bartlett

These paintings of picturesque architecture and sites in the West Indies are curiously restrained in color. There are none of the exotic overtones usually associated with such subjects. The decorative individuality of the old buildings is quietly asserted, and they are composed in arresting designs. The mellow, weathered textures of the façades, varied by a dark recess of an arch or a shadowed interior, are flooded with a soft radiance of light and color.

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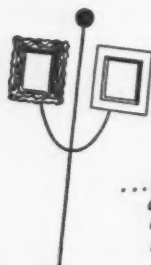
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57th Street *continued*

Bland in tone, the watercolors included are extremely fluent. (Jackson, to Jan. 30.)—M. B.

Gregory Masurovsky

Attenuated figures are static symbols in this young artist's black-and-white lithographs. He uses many devices to produce soft tonalities between black and gray, and has learned the value of permitting the white of the paper to be a source of illumination. Particularly effective are *Girl and Cat*, a vertical composition stressing feline affinities, and *The Studio*, an image of a sculptor and his model. (Village Art Center, to Jan. 22.)—D. A.

Corcos-Levy

The fanciful swarming scenes and busy little figures of Lucille Corcos have become familiar through a variety of media, including covers for *The New Yorker*. Notable in this show is the delightful *Children's Games*, an impressive undertaking which recalls Breughel's great painting in technique as well as in theme. The wealth of minute detail in these pictures is organized into fresh and original compositions which have a charming naïveté and gaiety.

Lucille Corcos' husband, Edgar Levy, exhibits a more serious brand of painting, adapting certain features of Picasso's work to serve his own very personal expression. Most of his paintings are characterized by boldness of composition and execution and a slight grotesqueness of image. An ink drawing, *New York from Brooklyn*, is especially satisfying since here the fantasies of Levy's vision are well suited to the plastic expression. (Grand Central Moderns, to Jan. 23.)—M.S.

One Man Shows

HIDEO DATE: Realistic casein paintings, surreal in content, and abstract oils constructed effectively (Creative, Jan. 16-29) . . . **FRANK MASON:** Portraits, still-lives and landscapes painted in silvery harmonies (Eggleston, to Jan. 16) . . . **GORDIAN P. DAVIS:** Firmly constructed landscapes, pleasing in color and light effects (Barbizon Little, to Mar. 1) . . . **ANNA DIETRICH & ROBERT JOHNSON:** Humorous, wistful line drawings and gouaches in the Steinberg manner (Friedman, to Mar. 1) . . . **FRANK PACK:** Expressionist oils of wan, hungry children and haunted adults out of a grim post-war Europe (Creative, to Jan. 22) . . . **CHESTER BLUME:** The recipient of a McDowell traveling scholarship exhibits the results of a European sojourn. (Art Students League, to Jan. 24).

[continued next page]

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Titian: "Count Girolamo della Torre"
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Three Sales of Paintings

This year's first big sale of old master paintings and pictures from the 18th and 19th century will be held at Parke-Bernet Galleries January 27 at 8 p.m. Made up from the collections of various owners, the auction will include items from the property of the estate of the late Lillian E.

Auction Calendar

January 21, 3 P.M. Plaza Art Galleries. Modern oil paintings & sculptures from the collection of the late Mrs. Frederick C. Havemeyer & others. Sale includes Utrillo's "Montmartre" & works by Bonnard, Cezanne, Chagall, Courbet, Dufy, Vlaminck, Rodin & others. Exhibition from January 19.

January 22 & 23, 1 P.M. Plaza Art Galleries. Antique & English furniture & decorations from the estate of the late Mrs. Frederick C. Havemeyer, Rhinebeck, N. Y., & others. Exhibition from January 19.

January 27, 8 P.M. Parke-Bernet Galleries. Old masters & 18th & 19th century paintings from various owners, including the estate of the late Lillian E. Jackson, New York, sold by order of J. P. Morgan & Co., Inc., administrator. In the sale are Renaissance, Dutch & Flemish 17th-century paintings with examples by Titian, Rubens, Van Dyck, Wouwerman, Van Ruysdael, Teniers & Desiderio Monsu. Among the 18th- & 19th-century paintings are examples by Guardi, Pater, Fabre, Gainsborough, Reynolds, Constable, Corot, Bouguereau & Inness. Exhibition from January 23.

57th Street continued

Martin Nelson

Working from a mauve base to a brilliant yellow climax, Nelson imbues his canvases with Oriental mystery. A queen-like personage sits erect, shadows playing behind her and emphasizing the lapidary colors of her habit; a dancer evokes her Siamese counterpart; *Essex Street Market* (one of the best paintings here) becomes an exciting bazaar. Nelson's gift for unusual color contrasts, his acute sense of visual drama and his boldness are revealed here. (Roko, to Feb. 3.)—D. A.

Philadelphia

PAUL KEENE: A group of brilliant canvases painted in Haiti on a Whitney grant. Angular, attenuated figures, contrasted as dark silhou-

Jackson which are being sold by order of J. P. Morgan and Company, Inc., and from the property of Morris M. Zerner.

From the Renaissance and from the Dutch and Flemish schools of the 17th century, works by Titian, Rubens, Van Dyck, Wouwerman, Jacob van Ruysdael, Teniers and Desiderio Monsu will go up for sale, and from the 18th and 19th centuries, paintings by Guardi, Pater, Fabre, Gainsborough, Reynolds, Constable, Corot, Bouguereau and Inness. A total of 84 old master works will be put on the block.

On January 21, at 8 p.m., modern oil paintings and sculpture, including "Montmartre" by Utrillo, from the collection of Mrs. Frederick C. Havemeyer, will be sold at the Plaza Art Galleries. Albert Duveen has selected the items for sale on this evening and has written the catalogue and foreword. Among the artists listed in the prospectus are Bonnard, Cezanne, Chagall, Courbet, Cassatt, Derain, Dufy, Pascin, Rouault, Rodin, Sterner, Vlaminck, Vuillard, Utrillo. Americans represented include Hassam, Sargent, Lawson, Sterner, Goodwin and Eilshemius.

Oil paintings from the 18th and 19th centuries will be auctioned at the Plaza Art Galleries January 28 at 8 p.m. In this sale, which offers 200 works, will be examples by John Singer Sargent, J. G. Brown, E. L. Henry, J. Alden Weir and George Inness among the Americans, and Sir Henry Raeburn among English artists.

January 28, 8 P.M. Plaza Art Galleries. A sale of 18th and 19th century oil paintings by such American artists as John Singer Sargent, J. G. Brown, E. L. Henry, J. Alden Weir & George Inness. The British artists represented include Sir Henry Raeburn, Frederick Watts & others. Exhibition from January 26.

January 29 & 30, 1:45 P.M. Parke-Bernet Galleries. English & French furniture & decorations, including Oriental & Aubusson rugs, from the property of Simon M. Cleja, of Paris. Exhibition from January 23.

January 29 & 30, 1 P.M. Plaza Art Galleries. Furniture & decorations, porcelain by Meissen, Sevres & other European makers, & a selection of rugs. Exhibition from January 26.

February 2 & 3, 1:45 P.M. Parke-Bernet Galleries. Books by standard authors, first editions, inscribed volumes from the property of the estate of the late Mrs. J. Insley Blair, Tuxedo Park, N. Y., Mrs. Niles Trammel, N. Y., & other owners. Exhibition from January 27.

ettes against staccato vertical and horizontal strokes of shimmering color, recall Byzantine mosaics in their richness (Dubin, Jan. 20-Feb. 9) . . . MORRIS BLACKBURN: A widely shown painter, Blackburn (a Guggenheim fellow in 1952) has in recent years abandoned pure abstraction for a more representational approach in which flat color patterns play an important role (Donovan, to Feb. 6) . . . SID ZAROW: An impressive first show by a young local artist who builds his surfaces patiently, composing with a sensitive blend of intuition and intellect. His canvases suggest works by Karl Knaths. Forms are semi-abstract, authoritative; colors are in harmonious relationship (Beryl Lush, Jan. 26-Feb. 20) . . . MAURICE VAN



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57th Street *continued*

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Paris *continued from page 13*

long time before Copley. But this same Picabia had other strings on his bow. It would be unjust to forget that he was one of the first abstract painters and that he keeps his position as one of the greatest masters of the abstract genre by a series of works executed in 1912 and 1913: *Udnie, Edtaonisl, La Procession à Séville, Catch as catch can*, etc. Later Picabia, as we know, exerted an in-

fluence first on dadaism, then on surrealism. At his burial, André Breton, in a voice full of emotion, confessed his debt to him.

The collapse of Picabia's painting (in the overlong period when he was the master of play and pleasure at Cannes) was lamentable. However, back in Paris, after the second World War, he took hold of himself and returned to a very independent manner of painting that was sometimes surprising and most of the time abstract. He gave us, at the end of his life, a lesson in youth and freshness.

Symposium: De Creeft

[continued from page 14]

My goal has always been to make good sculpture and I feel I am working toward the common goal of all sculptors.

I believe that the sense of an artistic community is highly important, yet I realize that today communication between artists is very limited because of the great diversity of styles, schools and points of view. These diversities, which add to the enrichment of today's art, unfortunately tend to separate and to isolate one artist from the other to the extent that each is concerned mainly with being "original" and "unique" and to the extent that the search for

personal identity becomes more important than the quality of the work and the value of the contribution to art.

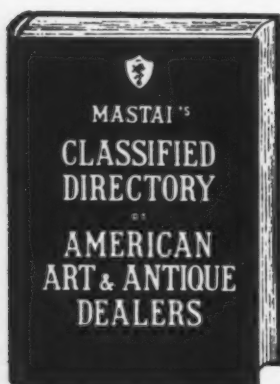
I believe that the artist as a personality is unimportant; the only thing that does matter is the work that he produces. To explore his working habits and his way of life may satisfy one's curiosity but it will not alter the fact that his art is either good or bad.

Why do people ask about the artist, about how he creates his art? It is as if one were to ask the lover "Why do you love?" Neither the lover nor the artist can explain himself.

Why not leave the world to its illusions, for even the most inspired explanation would be an inadequate one. Houdini, had he wished, could have explained his magic, but the magic of the artist, no one can explain. It is a great secret that we feel, yet do not know. It is not a formula nor a recipe; it is a thing of instinct.

A man learns a trade, any trade; but what guides the artist in the expression of his feelings is a divine faculty. The urge to create art cannot be subject to reason; it cannot be learned or acquired. The act of creation cannot be analysed nor can

[continued on page 32]



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Greensboro, North Carolina

INTERNATIONAL TEXTILE EXHIBITION. Nov. 3-Nov. 28, 1954. Jury. Awards. Entry blanks due Sept. 15. Entries due Sept. 20. Write Department of Art, School of Home Economics, Woman's College of the University of North Carolina.

Hartford, Connecticut

CONNECTICUT ACADEMY OF FINE ARTS 44TH ANNUAL EXHIBITION. May 1-23. Avery Memorial Galleries. Media: oil, sculpture and print. Entry fee \$4. Jury. Prizes. Entry blanks due Apr. 24. Write Louis J. Fusari, Sec'y, P.O. Box 204.

Los Angeles, California

THIRD NATIONAL PRINT EXHIBITION. Apr. 26-May 14. Media: all print except monotype. Entry fee \$2. Jury. Prizes. Entry blanks due Mar. 22. Entries due Mar. 29. Write Dr. Julius Heller, Department of Fine Arts, 3518 University Avenue.

New Orleans, Louisiana

ART ASSOCIATION OF NEW ORLEANS 53RD ANNUAL. Mar. 21-April 11. Delgado Museum of Art. Fee: \$5 annual dues. Media: painting, sculpture, graphic arts, original crafts. Jury. Entries due Mar. 14. Prizes: \$1,625 in cash. Write: Exhibition, Delgado Museum of Art, City Park, New Orleans 19, La.

New York, New York

AMERICAN ARTISTS PROFESSIONAL LEAGUE GRAND NATIONAL COMPETITION. Apr. 3-19. National Arts Club. Open to members. Media: oil, watercolor, pastel and drawing. Entry fee \$4. Jury. Prizes. Entries due Mar. 31. Write Boylan Fitz-Gerald, AAPL Headquarters, 15 Gramercy Park.

AMERICAN WATERCOLOR SOCIETY 87TH ANNUAL EXHIBITION. Feb. 25-Mar. 14. National Academy Galleries. Media: watercolor and pastel. Entry fee \$5. Jury. Prizes. Entries due Feb. 11. Write Cyril A. Lewis, 175 Fifth Ave.

CATHERINE LORILLARD WOLFE ART CLUB. Mar. 15-31. National Arts Club. Open to all women artists. Media: oil, watercolor and sculpture. Entry fee \$4. Jury. Prizes. Entry blanks due Mar. 1. Entries due Mar. 12. Write Dorothy Drew, 448 East 58th St.

CREATIVE GALLERIES 5TH ANNUAL. All media. Entry fee. Jury. Awards: three one-man shows. Entries due Mar. 27. Write Creative Galleries, 108 West 56th Street, New York 19, N. Y.

KNICKERBOCKER ARTISTS 7TH ANNUAL EXHIBITION. Feb. 28-Mar. 13. National Arts Club. Media: oil, watercolor, casein, graphic and sculpture. Entry fee \$5. Prizes. Entries due Feb. 24. Write May Heiloms, 915 Morris Ave., Bronx 53.

Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

AMERICAN COLOR PRINT SOCIETY'S 15th ANNUAL EXHIBITION. Mar. 6-26. Print Club. Open to members. All color print media. Jury. Prizes. Entry fee: \$1. Membership fee: \$3. Three works may be submitted for membership before Feb. 1. Traveling show for members. Entry cards due Feb. 16. Work due Feb. 18. Write Katherine H. McCormick, 300 W. Upsal Street, Philadelphia 16, Pa. Work to be sent to Edythe Ferris, 240 S. 45th Street, Philadelphia 44.

Portland, Maine

78TH ANNUAL EXHIBITION. Feb. 28-Mar. 28. L.D.M. Sweet Memorial Art Museum. Media: oil, watercolor and pastel. Entry fee \$3. Jury. Write Bernice Breck, 111 High Street.

St. Augustine, Florida

ST. AUGUSTINE ART ASSOCIATION MARCH EXHIBIT. Mar. 7-31. Media: oil and watercolor. Entry fee \$3 dues; \$1 hanging fee. Jury. Prizes. Entry blanks due Feb. 24. Entries due Feb. 27. Write St. Augustine Art Association.

Seattle, Washington

NORTHWEST PRINTMAKERS 26TH INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION. Mar. 11-Apr. 4. Media: all print except monotype. Entry fee \$2. Jury. Purchase prizes. Entry cards and entries due Feb. 15. Write Clarence Harris, 316 N. 73rd.

Springfield, Massachusetts

ACADEMIC ARTISTS ASSOCIATION 5TH ANNUAL EXHIBITION. Mar. 7-Apr. 4. For artists working in traditional or academic manners. Media: oil, watercolor and print. Entry fee \$3 for non-members. Jury Prizes. Entry blanks and entries due Feb. 26. Write Mrs. Mary L. Keefe, Academic Artists Association, P.O. Box 1769.

SPRINGFIELD ART LEAGUE 35TH ANNUAL JURY SHOW. Mar. 7-28. Media: oil, watercolor, casein, pastel, gouache, print, drawing and sculpture. Entry fee \$4. Jury. Prizes. Entries due Feb. 24. Write Springfield Art League.

Washington, D. C.

WASHINGTON WATERCOLOR CLUB'S 57TH ANNUAL OPEN EXHIBITION. Mar. 7-28. National

Collection of Fine Arts, U. S. National Museum. Open to all artists in watercolor, pastel or graphic arts. Jury. Cash prizes. Entry fee \$2. Entry cards due Feb. 19; work due Feb. 26. Write Katherine S. Summy, 1673 Columbia Rd., Washington 9, D. C.

Wichita, Kansas

WICHITA KANSAS ART ASSOCIATION GALLERIES DECORATIVE ARTS-CERAMIC EXHIBITION. Apr. 11-May 11. Jury. Prizes. Entries due Mar. 16. Write Maude Schollenberger, 401 North Belmont Avenue.

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Brooklyn, New York

BROOKLYN ARTISTS BIENNIAL EXHIBITION. Mar. 10-Apr. 4. Open to artists residing or teaching in Brooklyn. Media: oil, watercolor, drawing, print and sculpture. Jury. Prizes. Write Department of Paintings and Sculpture, Brooklyn Museum.

Buffalo, New York

12TH ANNUAL WESTERN NEW YORK ARTISTS EXHIBITION. Mar. 6-Apr. 4. Albright Art Gallery. Open to residents of 14 Western New York counties. All media. Jury. Prizes. Work due by Feb. 8. Write the Sales Desk, Albright Gallery, Buffalo 22.

Chicago, Illinois

EXHIBITION MOMENTUM MIDCONTINENTAL 1954. May. Werner's Book Store, Inc. Open to artists of the 18 midcontinental states. Media: all. Entry fee \$2. Jury. Entries due Mar. 15. Write Claire L. Nielsen, Exhibition Momentum, 2624 Troy Avenue, Chicago 47, Ill.

East Orange, New Jersey

ART CENTRE OF THE ORANGES 3RD ANNUAL STATE EXHIBITION. Mar. 7-20. Open to New Jersey artists. Media: oil and watercolor. Entry fee \$3. Jury. Prizes. Entry blanks due Feb. 17. Entries due Feb. 21. Write Lillian W. Althofen, 116 Prospect Street.

Huntington, West Virginia

EXHIBITION 80. Apr. 11-May 2. Open to all artists and craftsmen beyond high school age within 80-mile radius of Huntington, and to members of Tri-State Creative Arts Association. Media: all. Entry fee \$2 for members; \$3 for non-members. Jury. Entry blanks due Mar. 20. Entries due Mar. 25. Write "Exhibition 80", Huntington Galleries, Park Hills.

Norwich, Connecticut

NORWICH ART ASSOCIATION ELEVENTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION. Open to Connecticut artists. All media. \$2 hanging fee for non-members. Jury. Prizes. Work due Feb. 28. Write Joseph P. Gualtieri, Norwich Art School.

San Bernardino, California

NATIONAL ORANGE SHOW. Mar. 25-Apr. 4. Open to all California artists. Media: oil, watercolor and sculpture. Jury. Entry cards due Feb. 27; work due Mar. 13. Prizes: \$1,000 purchase awards. Write National Orange Show, Exhibit Committee, P.O. Box 29, San Bernardino, Calif.

Sioux City, Iowa

OIL EXHIBITION. May. Open to artists of Iowa, Minnesota, South Dakota and Nebraska. Jury. Prizes. Entries due Apr. 15. Write Sioux City Art Center, 613 Pierce Street.

Syracuse, New York

SYRACUSE MUSEUM OF FINE ARTS 2ND REGIONAL ART EXHIBITION. Mar. 6-Apr. 4. Open to artists of central New York. Media: oil, watercolor, pastels, graphic arts, sculpture. Prizes. Write Regional Art Exhibition, Syracuse Museum of Fine Arts, Syracuse 3, N. Y.

Youngstown, Ohio

COLLEGE PRINT EXHIBITION. May 2-23. Butler Art Institute. Open to faculty and students of accredited colleges and universities. Media: all graphics. Jury. Prizes: \$250 purchase awards. Entry fee \$2. Entry cards due Apr. 7; entries due Apr. 14. Write David P. Skeggs, Art Department, Youngstown College, Youngstown, Ohio.

Scholarships

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Symposium: The Creative Process *continued from page 30*

1. Do you work each day and keep regular hours?
2. Do you work better in the city or in country? in Europe or America?
3. Do you concentrate on one thing at a time? one medium?
4. How long does it take you to complete a work?
5. Do you work from nature?
6. Do music and literature inspire any of your works?
7. How much of a factor are automatic inspiration and artificial stimulation during moments of creation?
8. What impressions, events, moods set off a work?
9. What artists, old masters or moderns, do you admire?
10. Are you stimulated by contact with other artists?
11. Do you visit museums? exhibitions of contemporary art?
12. Do you feel that you are working alone or in conjunction with other artists dedicated to a common goal?
13. Is the sense of an artistic community important to your work?

Symposium: De Creeft *continued from page 30*

the object of creation be measured. It is a mystery from beginning to end and all those who try to penetrate this mystery are searching for a solution that does not exist.

The process of creating art involves all of the artists primordial impulses and instincts, unconsciously known, yet clearly seen with an inner eye, and all of the uncountable impressions and feelings about life that have collected as water in

a cistern, to be strained, refined, to become clear and to reach physical expression in the art that he produces. How can he be expected to explain that which is intangible?

There are many ingenious theories, bewildering to hear. It is like explaining infinity; theory upon theory, until finally, in dismay, we are forced to admit one basic truth and that is that we simply do not know.

Symposium: Blume *continued from page 15*

religious organization behind it, before we get to know the personality of the artist. The "cultural lag" creates difficulties, even if the intrinsic "life" of any work of art is timeless.

11. I visit museums every chance I get.

12. I have a sense of working alone, but I am not unmindful of a common goal. Though I have never been part of any art movement, I have of course been influenced by my milieu. When I started painting in the '20s, I felt that the revolution of modern art emanating from cubism was a crusade to rebuild the

fundamental structure of art—its form and color which had been dissipated by naturalism. I felt that upon this new base art could develop again. Later on, by way of dada-surrealism, I saw in the non-naturalistic juxtaposition of pictorial images a correlative with cubism—the possibility of building a new pictorial language which would evoke and communicate ideas as well as plastic sensations. I still consider these two movements the most significant manifestations of our century and I feel that I belong to their main currents.

13. No.

Symposium: Crampton *continued from page 14*

beauty of related measure is of interest.

6. Not directly. I like to listen to Bach and I am particularly inter-

ested in the graphic design of his notes as related to instrumental sound. The accent on silence brought forth by contemporary composers is

Contributors to the symposium

Peter Blume



José de Creeft



William Baziotis



Rollin Crampton

Symposium: Crampton *continued*

provocative. "The voice of the Silence."—Blavatavsky.

7. Undeniably automatic inspiration is a factor and comes about when the self is forgotten through an interest in the esthetic good. To close the doorway to the contrived and to enter the arena of the intuitive seems an answer.

8. A mood may be induced through the reading and study of the Bhagavad Gita or the Upanishads. The act of painting does not, however, follow directly.

9. Modern painters whose beliefs are similar to my philosophical searching, such as Ad Reinhardt, Barney Newman and Mark Rothko,

I find vital. Others whose forms of expression are logical, experimental and forthright are of virtue, as is the exultant painting of Jackson Pollock, whose esthetic awareness contributed much to the American modern movement. To go back in time, I believe that the courage and perception of such men as Cézanne, Whistler and Turner were of essential interest in sequence of events.

10. Yes. Both museums and contemporary exhibitions.

11. It is stimulating where one finds psychic identification with another. The combative get nowhere!

12. In conjunction.

13. Yes. It is important.

Symposium: Rivers *continued from page 16*

and no emotion of the human soul moves us to action so much as hate, for in order to rise above those whom we've come to despise, we must work and work and throw ourselves into the breach, to make something marvelous and moving and great, so great, in fact, as to split their hearts in 50 pieces.

4. Verlaine seems to have made the last interesting remark to this question: "I begin in despair and abandon it with regrets."

I don't know if I ever finish anything. For the buyer or for a show, it might seem finished, but that has little to do with the question. By the time I've given a certain amount of

energy and time to a painting or piece of sculpture, a host of ideas—stupid, clear, interesting, meaningful—have altered me to a degree and lured me to another point which, in turn, must affect my notion of what a "picture" is. Improvement attests to the truth of this notion. It is also true that if a man worked every day of his life and were to honestly act in accordance with this idea of change he would paint one picture. So, in order to make a movement closer to the truth in answering this question, I must say: a picture is finished only when something separates it from you, be it pride, money, ambition, death or whatever.

Symposium: Baziotes *continued from page 16*

Fragonard, Ingres, Corot, Seurat, Renoir, Bonnard, Matisse and Miró.

Contact with other artists has always been of great importance to me. When the artists I know best used to meet 10 or 12 years ago, the talk was mostly of ideas in painting. There was an unconscious collaboration between artists. Whether you agreed or disagreed was of no consequence. It was exciting and you were compelled

to paint over your head. You had to stay on a high level or drown. If your painting was criticized adversely, you either imitated someone to give it importance, or you simply suffered and painted harder to make your feelings on canvas convincing.

At that time, Mondrian, Duchamp and Max Ernst were here. Later Miró came. It was wonderful to see how they conducted themselves as

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Symposium: Baziotes continued

artists outside their studios, what their manners and attitudes were towards specific situations, how they lived, how they believed in and practiced their uniqueness, how they never spoke of ideas but only of the things they loved.

I remember Mondrian at a party, dancing the Lindy, on and on for hours and hours. Duchamp, and his kindness and interest towards young American painters. Max Ernst, describing in loving detail the snake-dances of the Hopi Indians, Miró, unveiling the mural in his studio, watching for the reaction of the on-lookers, walking rapidly and excitedly all over the place, upset and very nervous.

I do not feel alone. There is always unconscious collaboration among artists. The painter who imagines himself a Robinson Crusoe is either a primitive or a fool. The common goal is difficult to describe, but I do know it is not a certain universal subject matter. However, in the best practitioners of abstract painting, I sense the goal when I see the artist has had the courage to live in his time and in his own

fashion. And when he has courage, there is style in his work. The subject matter in his work can be the tremors of an unstable world, or the joy of a summer day. Both are equally valid. Each artist must follow his own star.

The sense of an artistic community is important to my work. Yes, the galleries, museums, art magazines and critics are all very much concerned with modern art. There is controversy, conflicting opinion, and when this exists there is a strong sense of a living art.

Seeing your fellow artists destroys isolation. The good artists of my generation are, by this time, in kingdoms of their own making. When you meet them there is little point in discussing ideas or theories of painting. If someone should be foolish enough to expound on the meaning and intention of his work, the artists present meet all this with the polite disinterest that is shown towards people who go into long monologues about their children. What does happen when artists meet is that we are able to see more clearly the unfolding of character as time goes on.

Symposium: Davis continued from page 16

Offhand, after several generations of study, I should say that first-class Art occurs when the artist becomes able to tell the difference between the content of his subject-matter-feelings-complex and the painting he is working on. In other words, at that point where he no longer imagines himself to be an expressionist, even an abstract expressionist, with a compulsion to act like one. Ability to make the distinction, and beyond that to see it as a product of simple logic rather than unpredictable and fortuitous revelation, is an obligatory but gratifyingly possible step. In that way, Will becomes a welcome coordinate of the Institutional Continuity instead of a spare-part of mystifying and questionable function.

But no formula is foolproof, and this one is sometimes misinterpreted in assuming the painting to have no feelings of its own. In that error it can be used for orgies of the magnitude of women wrestlers in a tank of mud, or Family Night at the bowling alley. The result is a motel-type of Art, which, excusably based in contemporary social reality as it may well be, nevertheless leaves more hangovers than life itself. The painting does have feelings which are concerned with its own rectilinear mode of existence. If you respect it, you can bend it into a pretzel without protest. In what context of Subject

Matter, Theory, Feeling, you bend it is secondary. What is primary is to bend without fracture. The capacity to bend, of course, is a Given Constant, requiring no work. The Subject Matter of one's attention is one's own business. Feelings about these things are what you are stuck with. Making the painting is simply an intelligent and economical deployment of the organic need to activate these elegant faculties.

A final word of caution. Don't sell short the popular misconception which counts the words "Art" and "Model" as inseparable. Public error in this case consists only in betrayal of their correct assumption, by separating them in a secret but overwhelming preference for the "Model" component. Less excusable is the mimetic parallelism of some artists in choosing the "Art" element as an improbable isolate. Frankly, dematerialization-mechanics lacks barrel-house appeal. For particular use I prefer to let the equation stand, with one minor change. In the present trend for literalism in interpreting the Democratic concept, the term "Model" may be thought discriminatory—to conceal a subtle pro-female propaganda. To obviate this possibility I have substituted "It", with a judicious use of the adjective "Any" when appropriate. I offer the suggestion freely for those who may find it helpful.

Calendar of Exhibitions

AKRON, OHIO

Institute To Jan. 24: M. Karasz; Jan. 12-14: Niles Spencer Memorial.

ALBANY, N.Y.

Institute To Feb. 1: Currier & Ives.

ALBION, MICH.

College To Jan. 21: Culver, Lotterman, David.

ANDOVER, MASS.

Addison Gallery To Feb. 15: 3 Centuries of Painting.

ANN ARBOR, MICH.

Univ. To Jan. 24: Gavarni Drawings.

ATHENS, GA.

Museum To Jan. 25: Fr. Lithos (Binet); Watercolors (Metropolitan).

BALTIMORE, MD.

Museum To Feb. 14: African Sculp. (Wurtzburger Coll.); Fr. Pigs (Cone Coll.).

BIRMINGHAM, ALA.

Museum To Jan. 30: H. Cook; Ala. Wool. Soc.; Jan. 24-Feb. 20: Steel, Iron and Men.

BOSTON, MASS.

Brown To Jan. 30: T. Connolly.

BUFFALO, N.Y.

Albright To Jan. 27: African Sculp.; Jan. 16-Feb. 10: Development of a Painting.

CHICAGO, ILL.

Arts Club To Jan. 25: Stained Glass.

CINCINNATI, OHIO

Museum Jan.: Religious Prints.

CLEVELAND, OHIO

Art Colony To Jan. 31: D. Ellis.

COLUMBIA, S.C.

Museum To Feb. 7: "Painters of the United States."

COLUMBUS, OHIO

Gallery To Jan. 31: "The Human Equation."

DALLAS, TEXAS

Museum To Jan. 31: Steinberg Drawings; To Feb. 7: Painters of the West; Old Masters Drawings.

DAYTON, OHIO

Institute To Feb. 21: Flight: Fantasy, Faith, Fact.

DELRAY BEACH, FLA.

Mayo Hill Gallery To Feb. 6: H. V. Poor, C. Metcalf.

DENVER, COLO.

Museum To Feb. 2: 10 Mod. Masters.

DES MOINES, IOWA

Art Center Jan.: C. Kermes.

DETROIT, MICH.

Institute To Feb. 28: Villon Prints; English Ceramics.

FITCHBURG, MASS.

Museum To Jan. 22: Cont. Amer. Pigs. (W. H. Lane Coll.).

FORT WAYNE, IND.

Museum To Jan. 31: Good Design.

HARTFORD, CONN.

Museum To Jan. 14: Women Painters.

HOUSTON, TEX.

Cont. Arts Museum To Feb. 11: Amer. Bg.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

Herron Institute To Jan. 31: Cont. Amer. Wools; C. J. Laughlin.

KANSAS CITY, MO.

Nelson Gallery Jan.: 20th Anniversary; Vasiliou.

KEY WEST, FLA.

Art Society To Jan. 24: B. Garnett.

LINCOLN, MASS.

DeCordova Museum To Jan. 31: New England Watercolors.

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

Art. Assoc. To Feb. 4: Elise, Feitelson, Longstreet, Lundberg.

LOUISVILLE, KY.

Speed Museum To Feb. 1: Cont. Drawings From 12 Countries; To Feb. 9: C. Bodmar: The Skyscraper.

MANCHESTER, N.H.

Currier Gallery To Jan. 25: Nadelman Sculp.; To Jan. 31: Boston Printmakers; Scalander Textiles.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

Institute Jan. 24-Feb. 14: A. Frasconi; To Mar.: Braque & Picasso.

MONTCLAIR, N.J.

Museum To Feb. 28: "The Changing Pattern-Life in America."

NEWARK, N.J.

Museum To Jan. 30: Old Masters, Tapestries.

NEW HAVEN, CONN.

Yale Gallery To Feb. 14: John Marin.

OAKLAND, CAL.

Gallery To Feb. 3: M. Askenazy; M. J. Neri: Art of Ancient Peru.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Mills College To Feb. 7: Nat'l Assoc. Women Artists; Mexican Prints.

OMAHA, NEBR.

Joslyn Museum To Feb. 7: Then & Now; Cont. Artists.

ORONO, ME.

Univ. Gallery Jan.: S. Chafetz, wcdts.

PASADENA, CAL.

Institute Jan.: Clinton Adams.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Academy Jan. 24-Feb. 28: 149th Ann'l Ptg. & Sculp.

PORTLAND, ORE.

Alliance To Jan. 24: S. Cotsworth; Phila. Artists.

PITTSBURGH, PA.

Arts Center To Jan. 28: R. Twiggs.

PRINCETON, N.J.

Univ. Museum To Jan. 31: Chinese Ptg.

RICHMOND, VA.

Museum To Feb. 14: Design in Scandinavia.

ROCKLAND, ME.

Farnsworth Museum Jan.: L. Krueger.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

Museum To Feb. 1: Women Artists; To Feb. 8: Karolik Coll.

SAN ANTONIO, TEX.

Witte Museum To Jan. 31: Texas Sculptors; Avant Guard Women Pigs; Art Guild Men.

SAN DIEGO, CAL.

Gallery Jan.: County Family Portraits; Immaculate Heart College.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Area Arts To Jan. 29: R. Ruiz.

SEATTLE, WASH.

De Young To Feb. 6: R. Burrell; To Feb. 14: G. Lusk, sculp.; B. Wood, Ceramics.

SIOUX CITY, IOWA

Art Center Jan.: Des Moines Artists.

SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

Museum To Feb. 7: A. H. Maurer.

SARASOTA, FLA.

Ringling Museum To Jan. 27: Pre-Columbian Art.

SEATTLE, WASH.

Museum To Feb. 7: C. Erwin; Puget Sound Group.

SIOUX CITY, IOWA

Art Center Jan.: Des Moines Artists.

SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

Museum To Jan. 24: New England Sculpture Assoc.; Jan. 17-Feb. 14: Design in Industry.

SMITHSONIAN, D.C.

Smithsonian Museum To Jan. 31: F. Buchholz.

SYRACUSE, N.Y.

Museum To Jan. 31: Amer. Artists; M. H. Boehner: Design for Craftsmen.

TOLEDO, OHIO

Museum To Jan. 31: "Impressionism in American Art"; To Feb. 7: G. Jensen; L. A. Vogel.

TORONTO, CANADA

Gallery To Feb. 21: European Masters; Titian to Van Gogh.

TULSA, OKLA.

Art Center Jan.: Amer. Trompe L'oeil; Hokinson Cartoons.

UTICA, N.Y.

Munson-Williams-Proctor To Jan. 24: Sculpture, 1953.

WASHINGTON, D.C.

Corcoran From Jan. 22: Amer. Figure Ptg.

NATIONAL JAN.

Dale Coll.; Rosenwald Coll.; From Jan. 17: M. Denis, Prints; Index of Amer. Design Wools; From Jan. 20: Pre-Columbian Gold Masterpieces.

PHILIPPS JAN.

17-Feb. 23: Cont. Amer. Pigs.

SMITHSONIAN JAN.

To Jan. 27: From the Land of the Bible.

WASH. UNIV. JAN.

To Jan. 31: Peruvian Textiles.

WHYTE GALLERY JAN.

To Jan. 31: L. Evans.

WELLESLEY, MASS.

College Museum To Jan. 31: J. & G. Kepes.

WORCESTER, MASS.

Museum To Jan. 31: Childe Hassam; To Feb. 14: Prints.

YOUNGSTOWN, OHIO

Butler Institute Jan.: Ohio Ceramic Annual.

New York City

Museums

Brooklyn (Eastern Pkwy) Jan. 20-Mar. 1: "Take Care."

City of N. Y. (51st at 103) Jan.: "Tides of Time"; "Distinguished Gadgets."

Cooper Union (Cooper Sq.) Jan. 29-Mar. 6: American Drawings.

Guggenheim (5th at 88) To Feb. 21: Young European Painters.

Jewish (5th at 92) To Mar. 22: Mod. Pigs; Jan. 20-Mar. 3: "Then and Now" (former pupils of Educational Alliance).

Metropolitan (5th at 82) Jan.: Amer. Ptg. 1754-1954; The Picture Galleries.

Modern (111 W 53) To Jan. 24: Young Amer. Printmakers; To Feb. 22: Design Coll. Acquisitions; Jan. 27-Mar. 21: Ancient Arts of the Andes.

Morgan Library (29 E 36) To Feb. 7: Fuseli Drawings.

National Academy (5th at 89) Jan. 21-Feb. 7: Audubon Artists.

N. Y. Historical Society (Cent. Pk. W. at 71) To Aug. 1: The First Century of Columbia College.

Riverside (310 Riv. Dr. at 103) To Jan. 31: Federation of Modern Painters and Sculptors.

Whitney (10 W. 8) To Mar. 7: George Grosz.

Galleries

A.A.A. (711 5th) Jan. 18-30: H. Lise-mann; Jan. 25-Feb. 13: G. Grosz.

A.C.A. (63 E 57) To Jan. 30: P. Reismann.

Alan (32 E 45) To Jan. 23: E. Millman; Jan. 24-Feb. 20: K. Zerbe.

Argent (67 E 59) To Jan. 30: L. T. Hagen.

Artisans (32 W 58) To Jan. 24: G. Pine; Jan. 29-Feb. 28: H. Black.

Artists (851 Lex. at 64) Jan. 16-Feb. 4: J. Stefanelli.

A.S.L. (215 W 57) To Jan. 24: C. A. Bloom.

Babcock (38 E 57) To Jan. 23: J. G. Smith.

Barbizon, Little (Lex. & 63) Jan.: G. G. Davis.

Barbizon-Plaza (58 & 6th) Jan.: F. A. Fabian.

Barzansky (644 Mad. at 61) Jan.: Group.

Borgenicht (61 E 57) To Jan. 23: I.

Botolowsky; Jan. 25-Feb. 13: J. Brooks.

Cadby-Birch (21 E 63) To Jan. 23: Zao Wou-ki; Jan. 25-Mar. 5: Miori.

Caravan (132 E 45) To Jan. 29: Land & Seascapes.

Carlebach (937 3rd) Jan.: Northwest Indian Art.

Carstain (111 E 57) Jan.: Rouault Prints; Cont. Fr. Pigs.

Chapellier (48 E 57) Jan. 16-30: Miyamoto.

City Center (131 W 55) Jan.: Cont. Wools.

Coeval (100 W 56) Jan. 18-30: Max Corn.

Contemporary Arts (106 E 57) To Jan. 29: Last Season's Favorites; Jan. 25-Feb. 12: E. Wilson.

Cooper (319 W 53) To Jan. 27: L. Gruen; S. Ginsberg; H. Bruder.

Coronet (106 E 60) Jan.: Cont. Fr. Artists.

Crespi (205 E 58) To Jan. 24: S. Hughes; Jan. 25-Feb. 7: V. De Pinna.

Creative (108 W 56) To Jan. 29: F. Hauke; H. Date.

Davis (231 E 60) To Jan. 23: Remenick.

Downtown (32 E 51) To Jan. 30: Marin in the Fifties.

Durlacher (11 E 57) To Feb. 6: W. Stuempfig.

Eggleson (969 Mad. at 76) Jan. 18-30: B. Olshan.

Eight (33 W 8) To Jan. 24: Bronx Artists Guild; Jan. 25-Feb. 7: Gotham Pigs.

Feigl (601 Mad.) To Jan. 30: Europ. Pigs.

Fine Arts Associates (41 E 57) To Feb. 6: Bonnard.

Fried (6 E 45) To Feb. 13: Balla, Severini.

Friedman (20 E 49) To Feb. 28: A. Dietrich, R. Johnson.

Gallery East (7 Ave. A) To Jan. 31: Group.

Galerie Moderne (49 W 53) Jan. 16-Feb. 5: L. Dorn.

Galerie St. Etienne (46 W 57) From Jan. 15: E. Jolin.

Galerie Sudamericana To Jan. 30: Group, J. Girona.

Gallery Urban (234 E 58) To Jan. 30: Gandy.

Ganso (125 E 57) To Jan. 23: Jan. Gelb; Jan. 25-Feb. 13: W. Plate.

Grand Central (15 Vand.) To Jan. 23: Grumbacher Oil Technique; Jan. 19-30: Leith-Ross; Jan. 26-Feb. 6: A. Shelton.

Grand Central Moderns (120 E 57) To Jan. 23: L. Corcos, E. Levy; Jan. 26-Feb. 11: N. Kaz.

Hacker (24 W 58) To Feb. 6: S. Provan.

Hansa (70 E 12) Jan. 19-Feb. 1: L. Rose.

Hartert (22 E 58) Jan.: Amer. & Fr. Pigs.

Heller (63 E 57) To Feb. 6: Vasiliou.

Hewitt (18 E 69) Jan.: C. Browning.

Hugo (26 E 55) Jan.: M. Grosser.

Jackson (22 E 66) Jan.: C. Bartlett.

Jacobi (46 W. 52) Jan. 5-23: L. Nevelson.

Janis (15 E 57) To Jan. 23: 9 Americans Today; Jan. 25-Feb. 13: Magritte.

Karlits (35 E 40) Jan.: Cont. Art.

Kaufmann (Lex. at 92) Jan. 18-31: YMHA students.

Kennedy (785 5th at 59) Jan.: John Taylor Arms Memorial.

Knoedler (14 E 57) Jan.: Clark Collection.

Kootz (400 Mad. at 58) Jan.: New Talent.

Korman (835 Mad. at 69) To Jan. 23: V. J. Longo.

Kottler (108 E 57) Jan.: Group.

Kraushaar (32 E 57) To Jan. 23: Prendergast Memorial; Jan. 25-Feb. 12: H. Schnakenberg.

Layton (179 Bleecker) Jan.: Group.

Levitt (35 E 49) Jan.: Cont. Pigs.

Lilliput (231 1/2 E 11) Sun. & Wed. 3-7 p.m.: Hakomski; Marrian.

Lucas (36 E 28) Old Prints, Maps.

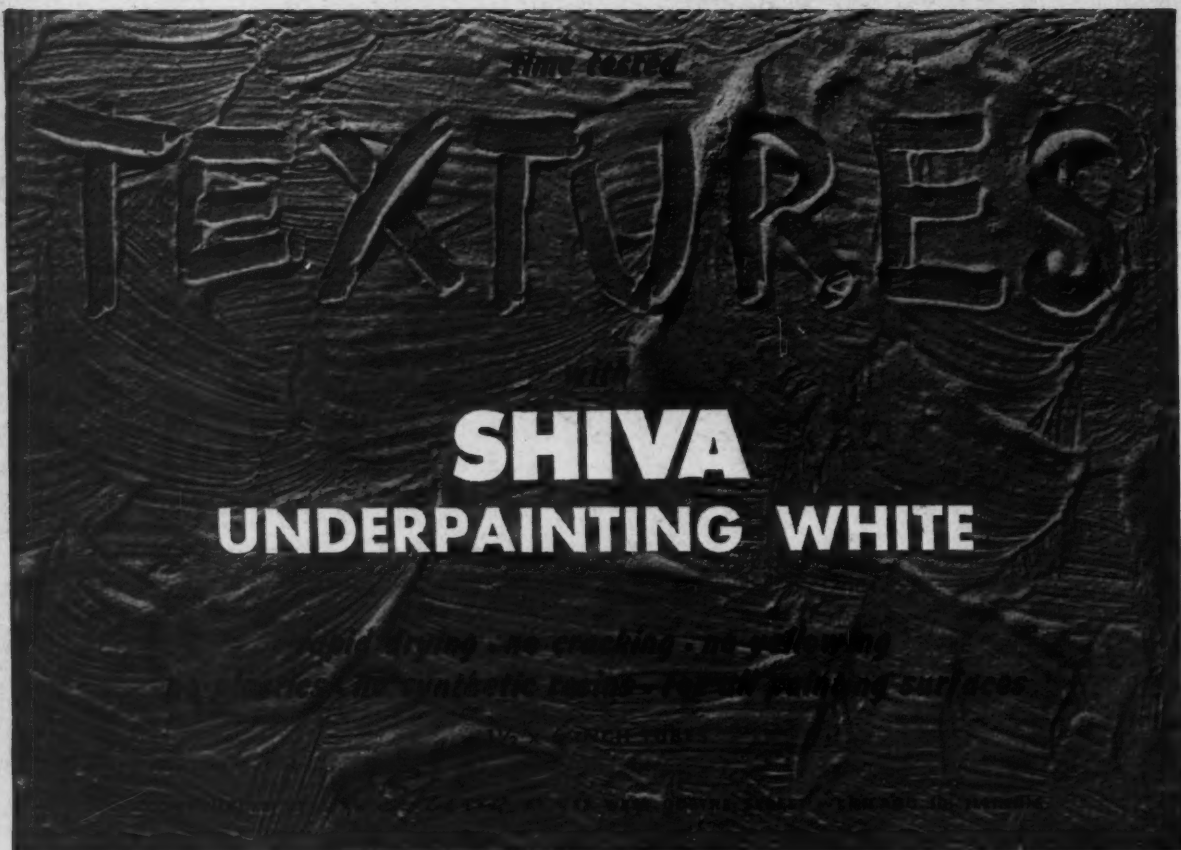
Matisse (41 E 57) To Jan. 30: Riopelle.

Matix (26 St. Marks Pl.) Jan.: J. Benton.

Midtown (17 E 57) Jan.: D. Kingman.

Milch (55 E 57) To Jan. 23: F. de Gioia.

Nat'l Arts Club (



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True or False

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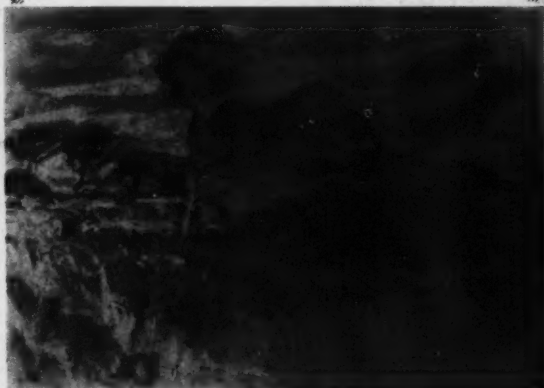
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